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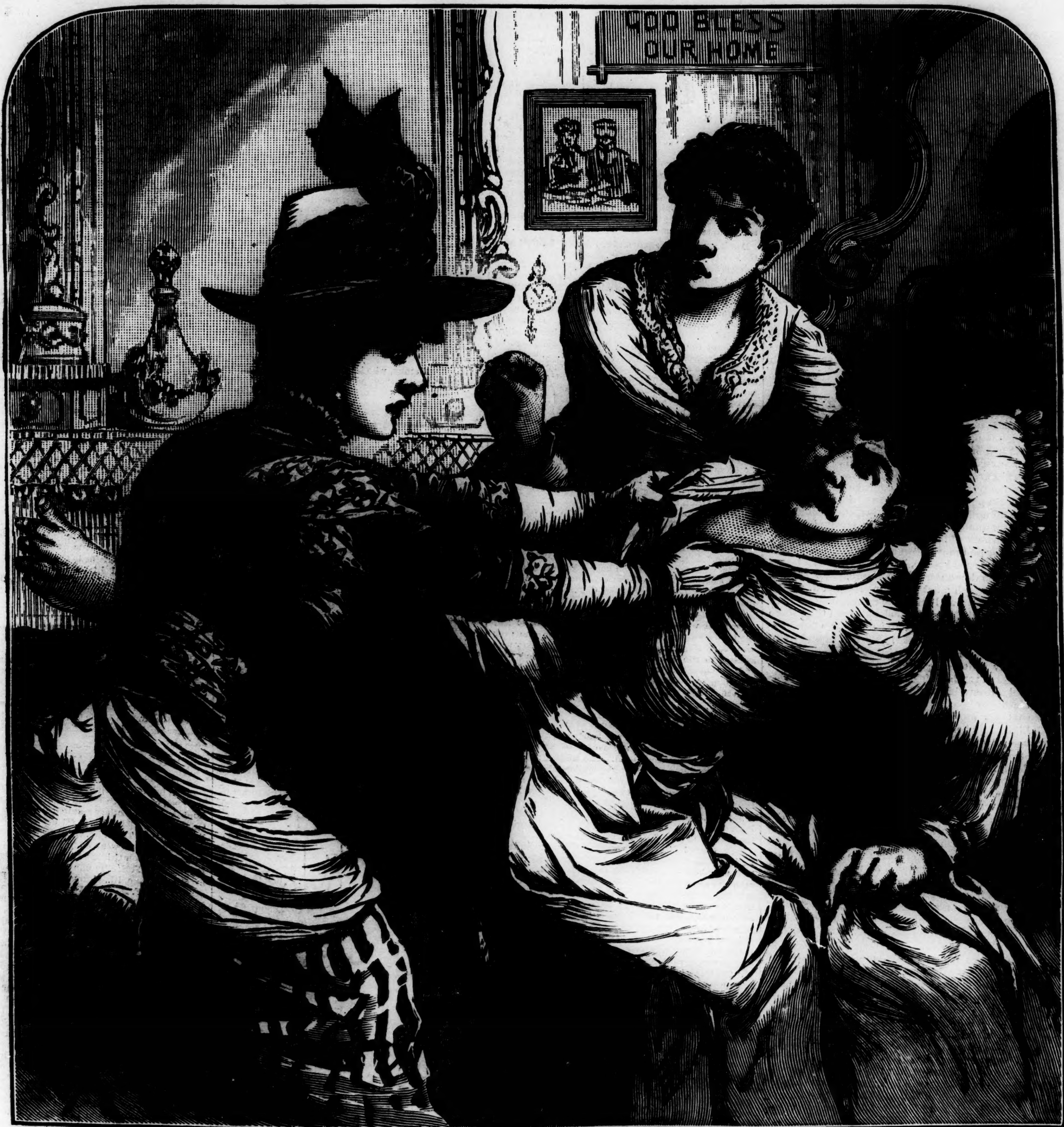
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1887.

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ABDUCTED BY A WOMAN.

HARRY SOMMERVILLE, OF LEXINGTON, KY., IS SNATCHED FROM HIS BED BY THE MISTRESS HE HAD REPUDIATED
IN ORDER TO MARRY ANOTHER GIRL.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1887.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" IN ENGLAND.

SMITH, AINSIE & CO., Booksellers, &c., 25 New-castle Street, Strand, London, have been appointed Agents for the sale of the "POLICE GAZETTE" in Great Britain. Newsdealers, Booksellers and others who desire to handle the "POLICE GAZETTE" and our Illustrated Books, are requested to communicate with them at once. RICHARD K. FOX.

THE KIND OF A MAN HE IS.

There is a particular satisfaction in realizing that in every essential of true gentlemanliness as well as in all the physical characteristics which go to make up the ideal pugilist, Jake Kilrain never had an equal, much less a superior, in the history of the ring. It took Richard K. Fox a long time to select his man, and he did not rush to the choice with the celerity which green sportsmen show in picking out a winning color on the turf. He carefully considered the problem from every possible point of view, and when he made up his mind that Kilrain was his man, it was then and then only that he made haste to proclaim his judgment.

What are the distinguishing features of the new champion who has been welcomed in England as a foeman well worthy of the British gladiator's skill and prowess?

Let us see.

In the first place, a more courageous man never took his shirt off to enter the ring. His pluck is not the noisy and vainglorious kind, which explodes in a minute, like the bursting of a keg of powder. It is characterized by no fierce rushes and onslaughts—like the headlong charge of a fiery and impetuous bull. On the contrary, Kilrain's courage is the long-suffering, patient and undaunted grit of the mastiff and the bulldog. It is a continuous and lasting quality, which is only affected by the vicissitudes of battle to the extent of making it tougher and more strenuous.

In the second place, Kilrain's skill as a boxer has been demonstrated in numberless battles, each of which marked an unexpected degree of development and scientific progress.

In the third place, a healthier man than Jake Kilrain never clenched his fists. No Sunday-school superintendent is more abstemious in his habits and more careful of his bodily vigor. To say that there exists a pugilist who is a model of temperance and chastity is to seemingly utter a laughable paradox. But it can be truthfully boasted of our American champion that his morals and his manners are of the highest and most admirable sort. The rough speech of the professional fighter is just as strange to him as the habits of dissipation and debauchery which have brought most of his profession to the gutter.

The Englishmen who have met him are literally paralyzed by the modesty, the decency and the gentlemanliness of our American Hercules. Such a combination of propriety and good-fellowship with matchless strength, skill and bravery is a new spectacle in the English ring.

No, we send to England, to win the international guerdon, no rough brute, lifted from the slums, who is good to fight, and fight only. Our man is no huge mudlark, overflowing with mere strength and beastliness, who is pitted against a combatant as a dog is matched against another dog. Our man does not need to have the rum squeezed out of him like a sponge before he goes into training, nor does he fill the place in the human scale of the missing link which connects us with the lower animals.

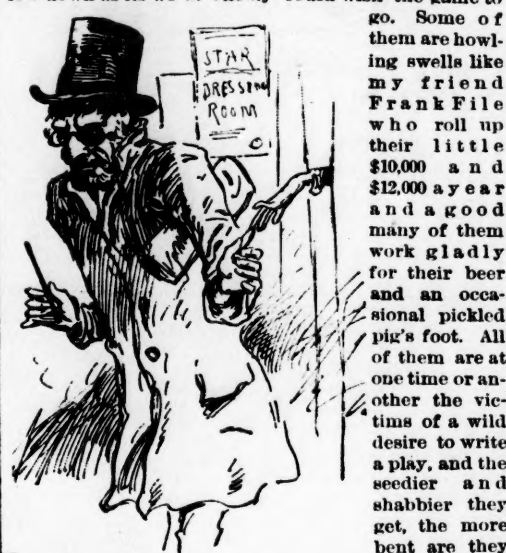
A splendid fellow is he, clean skinned and clean mouthed, with a modest mien and a dauntless heart, a champion to be proudly acknowledged and endorsed by his countrymen wherever they meet him; one whose brawny shoulders look as well in broadcloth as they do in their natural buff—a gladiator who will take home his prizes and his winnings to one of the happiest and most decent little households on American soil in which a fond wife and devoted children ever awaited the return of a triumphant husband and father.

The best wishes of the skin gambler and prayers of the disappointed "fakir" may not follow Jake Kilrain across the sea; but the exultations of millions of his countrymen when he wins the great fight, will not be so sweet to him as the welcome of that little home in Baltimore.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

KYRLE BELLEW, bang and all, occupied a stage box at Wallack's theatre on the opening night, surrounded by a perfect bouquet of charming women. Mr. Bellew certainly attracted almost as much attention as Mr. Abbey's company, and I think he took rather careful pains to let people know he was present. I heard rather a pretty girl who was sitting in front of me affirm to another pretty girl that she knew the bang was false. "Oh, the mean thing," said the other, with a snap of her eyes, and then they both cold-shouldered the box for the balance of the evening.

THERE ARE ALL SORTS and conditions of newspaper men in this blessed town and some of them play it as low down as its worst enemy could wish the game to go. Some of them are howling swells like my friend Frank File who roll up their little \$10,000 and \$12,000 a year and a good many of them work gladly for their beer and an occasional pickled pig's foot. All of them are at one time or another the victims of a wild desire to write a play, and the seedier and shabbier they get, the more bent are they on dramatic fame.



A week ago I saw one of these dilapidated geniuses hanging round the dressing-room door of a famous soubrette. He reeked of onions and beer and was the queerest looking party I've looked on in many a day. His first demand for the comedy he was hawking around was \$1,500—half down. But he finally agreed to take a cartwheel dollar and keep his play.

DON'T ALL THE NICE PEOPLE love dogs? I think so—the theatrical people especially. I was walking through a depot the other day when I saw a pretty sight. In one seat, in some thick, warm wool wrap, lay a black-and-tan—a time-worn old creature whose hair was turning gray—snug and comfortable, spending the last days of his life in ease; and on the adjoining seat an aristocratic, elephant-colored greyhound, splendidly groomed. About his proud neck was an elegant collar, and about the whole animal was an atmosphere of loving kindness quite delightful to see. I, who cordially like an ash-barrel bone-hunter, stopped to congratulate the black and tan and have a few words with the fine hound, who uncoupled his ungraceful bones—a very Bernhard of a dog—when a lady said:

"That's Mr. Reed's dog."

"Oh!" said I, thinking of Mr. Stokes's partner; "and as slender as a reed; and those who run may read, and several other reeds."

"Mr. Roland Reed," said the lady.

"Bless me!—yes, of course I know Mr. Reed. So this is Roland Reed's dog—and it's a beauty. It does him credit; and he loves dogs. Well, he wouldn't be a good actor if he didn't."

The profession is addicted to 'em—Fanny Davenport's "Boots," Clara Morris's "Rags," the "Charlie" and "Rose" of Coghlan, Lizzie Nunnemacher's cherished "Kittens," Stratton's "Skeelsicks," Johnny Matthews's "Dorcas," Frank Frayne's beautiful bull, who corresponds with my "Smut"; Charles Wheatleigh's fine pugs, Charles Clarke's Newfoundland, Mrs. Abbey's collie, James Lewis's red setter, C. D. Hess's inseparable spaniel—all prove the love of the profession for the noble beasts.

I wonder what Aimee did with her dogs. Aimee had the Lord's own monkey. Such a darling no one ever saw. Mrs. Harrison (Louis's mother) had a monkey who assisted in the domestic arrangements—shelled peas and ground coffee; but Aimee had a monkey who for entertaining purposes laid over the world. She sat down with the score of a new opera, and ran it through at the piano. A moment later Mr. Monkey perched on the stool, turned a page of the music, pounded the keys of the piano, let a dismal screech out of him (practising his melodies), and flung the music-book away as he had seen Aimee do. One day that lamented actress was in her bath when some one called. She hastily made her toilette, powdered her face at a dressing table, and left the monkey in possession of the room. Monk soaped himself well, plunged into the water, came forth and tackled the powder; returned to the bath and went again to the toilet-table. When he was discovered he looked like a baker, covered with dough; but he was doing his best to imitate his inimitable mistress.

Poor Aimee! How well I remember her first advent in New York—when her jewels were so magnificent that they were kept in the safes of the Erie road, and she sang and acted *La Belle Helene* as no one ever dared do it before or after. There was a little swarthy fellow named Gaussin, who did her *Paris*, and the audiences used to tremble at the riskiness of the situations, till *Menelaus* carpet bag and umbrella relieved their over-charged hearts of anxiety. Aimee was a warm-hearted, honorable woman, who encountered more kinds of luck during her life than a dozen other actresses dream of. She was a very kind woman, and the disposition of her property to the poor, sick and orphaned, was a fitting end to a generous, jolly life. Offenbach will make it very pleasant for her, and we shall certainly see her again. I can't believe in a state of future reward without opera bouffe, any more than I can accept a state of future punishment without a course of lectures by Matthew Arnold and an occasional sermon from Talmage.

HELEN DAUVRAY'S CHOICE OF A HUSBAND from among the ranks of men who earn their own living, recalls the names of several other actresses' husbands who work for what they get every bit as hard as their wives do. There is Robert Fulford, who married Annie Pixley, and who manages her business. He used to be an actor himself, but he finds more profit now in taking charge of the plethoric finances earned by his wife. Another actor, who in marrying has gone to the business department and left the stage is Ed. Price, the husband of Fanny Davenport, and Price was a very good leading man in his day. Abbey, Schoeffel and Gran, the triumvirate who rule so many theatrical destinies, are all married to actresses; Mr. Abbey himself, as is well known, to Miss Florence Girard, one of the leading ladies of Wallack's theatre, which

he himself manages, and a man could hardly have a more charming wife. As for her stage talents, nobody has ever been found to doubt them. John Schoeffel aimed just as high when he married Aimee Booth, the famous Mrs. Ralston in "Jim the Penman." Mr. Grau married Miss Vallot, who was originally one of the members of his chorus. Mr. Hoyt, who is on the road to a large fortune through the success of his farce comedies, was a \$25 a week newspaper man in Boston. Recently he married Flora Walsh one of the members of one of his companies. Eugene Wetherill, the husband of Emma Abbott, was a maker of patent pills when he found his affinity in Paris. Charles Watkins, the husband of Ada Gray, was in the hotel business when he found the beautiful maiden whose celebrated performances in "East Lynne" are the talk of the country and of Third avenue. Loraine Rogers was the advance agent of Charlotte Thompson when they came to the conclusion that they had better marry. Fred Harriott was in possession of a big sugar refinery in this city when he fell in love with Clara Morris, married her, and some time after resolved to cast his financial lot with hers. William Egerly, the husband of Rose Coghlan, was a briefless Boston lawyer of very good family. Nevada, the opera singer, married an English doctor, and Modjeska and Ristori both married men without occupation, as they were Counts. There has been some doubt cast on the title of Mr. Bozenta, but he is perfectly harmless.

A FEW NIGHTS AGO I happened to be in a shoe store on Broadway when a young woman rushed in in a hurry and said she wanted a pair of black kid slippers stretched at once. The slippers had just been sent to Mrs. Langtry for use at the theatre in the second act of piece, but it pained her to get them on. The bootmaker put the slipper on a last, gave them a turn or two, and in ten minutes handed them back. When the girl had left the shoemaker said: "It may be of interest to you to know that Mrs. Langtry wears a number six shoe. You see this is a 6½ last. It is a generous development. Curiously enough I have made shoes for Mr. Gebhardt and he wears precisely the same size. He has a very small foot for a man." I presume from this that if ever Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Gebhardt get poor they can economize by wearing each other's shoes.

THE LATE JOHN MCCULLOUGH had a valet who was known only as Bob to the friends of the stalwart tragedian. Bob used to dress McCullough in the theatre and wait on him out of it. He was a good servant and never argued with his master, who had a way of settling those disputes by throwing boots or bottles or anything else that happened to be handy. Everybody who had access to McCullough's rooms in hotels or theatres knew Bob. Since his friend and employer died little has been seen of the valet. The other day I was coming through an uptown street, blessing the odor of the subway, when a broad, sweaty person in laborer's attire rose up before me out of the ditch. The man grinned and then called me by name. I asked him who he was. Said he:

"Mr. Jacob Hess gave me a job in the subway, sir. Don't you remember me? I was Mr. McCullough's dresser. Bob's my name." And so it was Robert Pritchard.

CHARLEY BROOKE, who is making money hand-over-fist in corporation work, and who withdrew from criminal practice one of the most brilliant legal minds ever engaged in it, is always saying bright things. Whether he says them always at the right time is a matter of opinion with the people at whose expense he flashes. To-day he was cross-examining T. Henry French during the trial of his suit against Lester Wallack. "What is your business?" inquired T. H. F.'s counsel of his client. "I sell plays," replied French—"and audiences, too," quoth Brooke, at which there was a roar from which the voice of T. Henry alone was lacking.

JOAQUIN MILLER has become reconciled to his favorite daughter, Maud, who incurred his displeasure by marrying London S. McCormack, the actor. They now correspond regularly. She and her husband have not prospered on the stage, and are now in St. Louis out of engagements.

JOHN DREW was shown a letter lately in which the authorship of "The Taming of the Shrew" is attributed to Augustin Daly. Mr. Drew said he was not very much surprised. "Why, the other day, in New York," continued the comedian, "a real estate broker to whom I was introduced said: 'If I could talk as well in my business as you do in yours, Mr. Drew, I would be a rich man. I can't understand how you manage to think of all those funny things just on the spur of the moment.'"

LESTER WALLACK RECOVERS SLOWLY, if, indeed, he recovers at all. He is seen from day to day hobbling with great deliberation and some apparent difficulty up and down the sunny side of Broadway. He is faultlessly attired, his eye-glass rests firmly in its accustomed place, his hair is snow-white and his mustache maintains an ebony gloss that is a work of art quite worthy of the best barber in the land. Mr. Wallack is growing old, but he does it with grace, and his mustache is still juvenile.

THE LOT of the successful playwright is, up to a certain point, a very enviable one. Especially agreeable is it when he has just hit the bull's eye of public favor for the first time. "Tien! long ago I dropped in on an old newspaper friend who used to grind out a column of humor every day for a Boston journal at the absurdly exaggerated remuneration of \$20 a week. He wrote a wild farce of the 'Hole-in-the-Ground' and 'Tin-Soldier' order, and presto! he was immediately worth ten times his original income. Meantime life is all champagne and oysters with him. But suppose his next venture should be a frost and he should have to return to his \$20-a-week job—what then?"



WOODEN SPOON.

THEIR CASE TO COME UP THURSDAY.

A special from Washington, Oct. 17, says: John Randolph Tucker, one of the counsel for the condemned Anarchists, had an interview with Justice Harlan to-day in reference to their case, and arranged with him to meet the attorneys for the defendants on next Thursday at 10:30 A. M. in the conference room of the Supreme Court in reference to an application for a writ of error.

OUR PICTURES.

He Shot to Kill.

J. Ernest Smith, an express messenger on a train recently "stood up" by robbers, near El Paso, Texas, killed a couple of them—one with his revolver and the other with his shot gun.

A Ghost on Stilts.

A ghost, apparently composed of a slim man on stilts, with a sheet that conceals everything except a pair of supernatural eyes, is walking up and down in Belvidere, N. J. Its long arms end in claws which are always spread out in front of its breast. According to reports it has frightened many women and has been hunted in vain by hundreds of young men.

Fatal Soda Fountain Explosion.

A special from Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 10, says: Louis Sorrocco, an Italian, was instantly killed this afternoon by the explosion of a soda fountain. He was employed at Louis Cella's soda water manufactory, on Grand street, and was engaged in charging the fountain with gas when the explosion occurred. Cella was standing beside him and was knocked down, but not seriously injured. The building, a one-story structure, was badly damaged.

Caught His Eloping Daughter.

A special from Lockport, N. Y., Oct. 10, says: Annie L. Wood, handsome and only nineteen years old, daughter of Amos Wood, a wealthy Philadelphian, eloped recently with her father's coachman, Howard Wagner, and went to Niagara Falls. The girl obtained employment as a domestic with a family named Smythe. She left there in a short time and went with Wagner to a hotel near Suspension Bridge, on the Canadian side, where they lived as man and wife, obtaining money to pay their board by pawning Miss Wood's jewelry.

On Thursday of last week Mr. Wood located his daughter, and he surprised her at the hotel yesterday. He besought her to return home, promising forgiveness. By a ruse Wagner and the girl left the hotel in a hack and were driven to the American side, where they were married by a justice of the peace. Wagner gave his name as Howard N. Smith. The irate father followed and found the couple as they were coming out of the house of the justice. He found that his daughter had been married under a fictitious name. He took her aside and persuaded her to go with him. When the two left Niagara Falls last night for the East a seeming-perfect reconciliation had taken place.

A Den of Thieves.

A special from Boston, Mass., October 5, says: To run club rooms on the proceeds of burglaries is the latest exploit of Boston youths. Five lads, averaging 15 years of age, are behind the bars because of their jovial tastes, and another is in Montreal from fear of arrest. They had fitted up in an elaborate style a front room in a house on Tabor street, at the Highlands, and had named their organization "The Tabor Club." It appears to have been well supplied with cash; also with cigars. When the members visited the theatre in a body they had plenty of money to buy a box if they desired. They also had plenty of money for supper afterward. The clubroom always contained plenty of cigars. A big box in the corner had lots of change in it at all hours. This bore the inscription in small letters, "For members only." Only in one instance in the club's existence did the box get empty, according to the police. This was several weeks ago, when one member suspected another of taking the last cent to secure a bunch of matches. Two guns were hung on one side of the wall. There was a big hitting bag in the centre. The library opposite the main door was quite extensive. Among the volumes it contained the following half-dime novels: "Deadwood Dick's Device," "Silver Mask," "The Man of Mystery," "Kit Harefoot, or Old Powderface," "Corporal Cannon the Man of Forty Deeds," "Pier Detective, or Phil's Big Skirmish."

EVAN LEWIS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere we publish a portrait of Evan Lewis, of Madison, Wis., better known as the Stranger, who now holds the proud title of champion wrestler of America. He is under the management of Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago, who is eager to match him to wrestle any man in the world. Lewis has defeated all the leading wrestlers in America, and his only rival at present is Jack Carkeek.

SUMMER FLOWERS ARE ALL NOW FADED!

Summer joys are all past and summer hopes are dead forever, but hope springs eternal in the human breast. Here is how the 26th Grand Monthly Drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery resulted Sept. 13th, 1887, at New Orleans, La. Ticket No. 37,426 drew the First Capital Prize, \$150,000. Ticket No. 61,503 drew the Second Grand Prize of \$50,000; it was sold in tenths at \$1. sent to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.; one went to the Peoples' Bank of New York city; one to Paul Baier, 146 Hudson avenue, Chicago, Ill., through Southern Express Co.; one to Chris. F. Netz, 127 West North avenue, Chicago, Ill., through Southern Express Co.; one to Albert Evans, through First Nat'l Bank of Pueblo, Col.; one to F. Epstein, Roodhouse, Ill., through Roodhouse Bank; one to Paul Kinler, runner Union National Bank, New Orleans, for a depositor; one to Frank Gillett, Norfolk, Neb., through Southern Express Co., etc., etc. Ticket No. 95,272 drew the Third Grand Prize of \$20,000; it was sold in tenths at \$1 each; two were paid to Mrs. Francis W. Siddall, Canton, Ohio, through Southern Express Co.; one to National Commercial Bank, Mobile Ala.; one to Chas. Johnson, Mobile, Ala., through National Commercial Bank, Mobile; one to Goddard Wismann, New York, through Southern Express Co.; one to B. Nathan, 338 Broadway, New York, through Southern Express Co. Nos. 61,677 and 69,350 drew the two Fourth Grand Prizes of \$10,000 each; they were sold in tenths at \$1 each sent to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La. They were held by parties in San Francisco and Sonora, Cal.; New Orleans, La.; Boston, Mass.; Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo.; Denver Col.; New York city, N. Y.; Memphis and Glenmary, Tenn.; Franklinton, N. C.; Fort Union, N. Mex.; Milwaukee and Janesville, Wis.; Norton, Kansas; Sioux City, Iowa, and Gordo, Ala.; and the other portion of \$535,000 were sent to all parts of the world. For full particulars of which event address M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.—*New Orleans (La.) Times-Democrat*, Oct. 6.

David S. Sterling of Amsterdam, N. Y., chief of the Salvation Army in the Mohawk Valley, died Oct. 17,

THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity
and Woman's Worse
Than Weakness.



Hugh Maxwell Brooks.

One of the attractions in St. Louis for visitors is Hugh Maxwell Brooks, the notorious murderer now under sentence of death. The horrible crime which was committed in the Southern Hotel, that city, April 5, 1885, is still fresh in the public mind. The finding of the dead body of C. Arthur Preller in a trunk, the remarkable pursuit, capture, trial and conviction of the murderer is one of the historical criminal events of the country. Maxwell now stands on the brink of the gallows. His attorneys have made a gallant fight for their client. Nothing but the Supreme Court of the United States is between Brooks and an ignominious death. The Supreme Court of Missouri refused his petition for a new trial, and as the last hope his lawyers have asked the United States Supreme Court to reverse the judgment of the State and give the murderer another chance. The prospects of a favorable decision for Maxwell are discouraging. There is hardly a precedent for the interference of the Supreme Court in a State murder case, and it is the opinion of leading lawyers that the august Judges at Washington will refuse to entertain any motion for a rehearing or a stay of proceedings. No one has an idea that Governor Marmaduke will commute the sentence of the court, and Hugh M. Brooks' sojourn on earth is in all human probability limited to a few months at most. The young English murderer seems to enjoy the unenviable notoriety he has attained. He rarely denies himself to newspaper men, although somewhat indifferent to the average curiosity seekers.

Maxwell came out of the open door of his cell and extended his hand. He is a pleasant-looking Englishman, about thirty years of age. He wore a neat-fitting, dark diagonal cutaway coat and brown tweed trousers. No one would even suspect him of crime. There is a certain effeminacy about his manner which impresses one unfavorably. He is only about 5 feet 5 inches in height, and is of blonde type. Very few people would fail to take Maxwell for a gentleman. His manner is easy, and as a conversationalist is far above the average. Confinement has not had any appreciable effect upon him within the past year, and he appeared to be in the best of spirits.

The condemned man has a picture of himself. A cut of it appears above. Maxwell has his whims like other mortals. One of them was to have his photograph taken outside of his cell with a pair of oars at his side. He wore at the time a white linen suit, and has disposed of several hundred of these pictures at fifty cents each. In this way he has picked up enough change to keep him in cigarettes, which he smokes constantly. He denies killing his room-mate, Preller, but declares that it was done accidentally while performing a surgical operation. After the murderer was brought back from New Zealand several foolish women became interested in the prisoner, and one notorious courtesan sent him fine dinners and champagne regularly. The sheriff has put a stop to this feminine sentimentality. The noted murderer fares the same as other criminals.

COLLEGE HAZING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The full page illustration of the brutal college hazing, which we give elsewhere, is no exaggeration of this cowardly custom, which is carried on to a fearful extent of late years. Once in a while a daily paper gives a very mild report of an affair of this kind, which has happened in some high-toned college. They don't dare to print the whole truth, and even we shrink from telling the horrible pranks played upon the freshmen, or some new-comer, at these institutions. The details would be too obscene, too devilish for us too picture. Compared with the prize ring, college hazing is a very horrible custom, for in the ring there is at least lots of fair play and only one antagonist to contend with. We are against it, and especially so when it injures a young man for life.

ABDUCTED BY A WOMAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Lexington, Ky., Oct. 6, says: Several weeks ago Harry Sommerville, formerly one of Lexington's most gifted and promising young artists, married Mrs. Belle Payton, widow of a Cincinnati saloon keeper. The match was not suitable to the lady's relatives, with whom she has been living, and who had Sommerville in their employ, and the new voyagers on

the matrimonial sea were driven away. They went to board with another relative of Mrs. Sommerville, but here their troubles multiplied. A few nights ago the wife of Alonzo Barnett, a conductor on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, drove to Sommerville's boarding house, and, going to his bedroom, where he and his wife were in bed, she commanded and forced him to get up, dress, and go with her. Since then Mrs. Sommerville has never seen her husband, and she has fallen sick with fever, and is now at St. Joseph's Hospital. It seems that Sommerville had been intimate with the Barnett woman before his marriage, and that as soon as she heard of it she went for him. All parties are well known here.

SNORKEYS VS. HOPPERS.

A Novel Game of Baseball Between Two Nines Composed of Legless and Limbless Railroaders.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The novel spectacle of eighteen men with but fifty-four limbs prancing over the diamond was enjoyed by over five hundred people at the Philadelphia grounds the other day, when the Snorkeys and the Hoppers played their annual game of baseball. The Snorkeys are all one-armed men and each "Hopper" is minus a leg. The two nines are composed mostly of employees of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad who have lost their missing members in the performance of their duties.

Jack Lillie, with no right arm, pitched for the Snorkeys, and Billy Kirwin caught with his right hand. Jake Erb covered first base, and he made several put-outs by standing on his head and catching the ball with his feet. Jack O'Brien guarded second base. He wore a hook on his arm stump. He inserted this hook so effectively in the broad portions of the Hoppers' trousers that none of them succeeded in stealing third base. John Gormley played short stop. His method was to allow the ball to roll until it became tired, and then saunter calmly after it and, after carefully examining it to see that it was not cut, to toss it gently to the pitcher's box. Third baseman Weller tried to secrete himself underneath the base every time a ball came in his direction, but he only partially succeeded. Right-fielder Jeff Tocht only caught one fly and that had wings on it.

Left Fielder Twemler rested underneath the big flagpole and waited for the ball to hit the fence and bound back in his direction. Jack Donahue stationed himself in centre field. The Hoppers had their best battery, Pitcher Ward and Catcher Lawson, in the field. George Dowd played first base, and he had to drop his crutch every time he tried to catch a ball. If the sphere came with any force, it generally knocked him over. He had to lie on the ground until some one picked him up and brought his crutch to him. Billy Kerns was stationed in the left garden, Jack Baeder in the centre and George Geiger in right.

Shortstop McGough tried to outlive Shortstop Gormley in the slowness. William Shaadt covered second, and Tom Lincoln held down the bag at third. "Dumpy" Pratt, a three foot high enthusiast of the national game, played the part of the universally despised umpire. Several missiles were hurled at him during the progress of the game, but he is so little that fortunately he escaped.

When the Hoppers came to the bat, Tom Lincoln hit the ball with his artificial leg. He claimed he was entitled to first base, on the ground that he had been struck on the leg, and he was allowed to hobble to first.

In the last inning "Snorky" Ward batted a ball to the shortstop, who felled it to first baseman "Hopper" Dowd. Then Ward ran to first base and claimed he was not out because Dowd didn't have his foot on the base. As Dowd only had one foot and had his crutch planted on the bag, an interesting dispute arose. After a lengthy argument, Umpire Pratt gravely decided that in the absence of Dowd's left leg his crutch acted as the substitute, and consequently Ward was out. This decision will go on record for guidance in future matches between tri-limbed players.

At the close of the ninth inning the score stood 35 to 14 in favor of the Snorkeys, and the two nines, headed by the Clover Fife and Drum Corps, marched off the field to the tune of "Boulangers' March."

THEY BOTH WIELDED COWHIDES.

A Wife Thrashes Her Husband's Chum Because They Played Poker.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The town of Waterboro, S. C., is agitated over a recent series of cowhittings and threatened duels, all growing out of the game of poker. All the parties concerned belong to the first families. It appears that the oldest son of Major Edwards, the principal lawyer of the town, has been leading a fast life since he married the daughter of the late James H. Rion, who, it will be remembered, was alleged to be the son of the Dauphin of France. Young Edwards' frequent and protracted absence from home aroused his wife's ire, and last Saturday night, guided by a young lad named Izlar, she unceremoniously entered the room in which her husband and several of his male friends were engaged in a game of draw poker. Among these was a Mr. Bellinger, who has the reputation of being "a bad man." Mrs. Edwards seems to have thought him in some way responsible for her husband's habits, and, drawing a cowhide from beneath her shawl, she set upon and beat him unmercifully before she could be secured. Her sex saved her from retaliation on the part of Bellinger, who, however, expressed his intention of holding her husband responsible, and forthwith drew a pistol to kill him. Then Mrs. Edwards' nerve forsook her, and, sinking on her knees before Bellinger, she begged forgiveness for the cowhiding and entreated him to spare her husband.

Bellinger then left the room, threatening to kill any one who should divulge the occurrence. Next day, when the story got out, Bellinger sought Edwards and wore out a cowhide upon him. It is further stated that Bellinger compelled Edwards, at the point of a pistol, to go to the house of young Izlar to cowhide him for showing Mrs. Edwards the poker room, but the appearance of the boy's father prevented it being done. At last accounts many of the best citizens of Waterboro had taken opposite sides in the matter and were going about armed. A hostile meeting, more or less according to the code, is rumored as in prospect between Bellinger and Edwards.

NELLIE BLY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Miss Pink Cochran, of Allegheny, Pa., known to the newspaper readers as "Nellie Bly," gives a graphic account of the treatment accorded to insane patients in the insane pavilion of Bellevue hospital and Blackwell's Island Insane asylum in the New York World. Miss Cochran was employed by the World to simulate insanity and to have herself committed to an asylum

in order that the manner of the treatment of insane females might be made public. While Miss Cochran relates her experiences in detail and shows the need of more gentle treatment upon the part of attendants and doctors, and also reveals the stilted ignorance of physicians who assume to pronounce people insane upon the most superficial examinations, which are virtually no examinations at all, she reports her experience when passing the final and most thorough examination.

DUCKED BY THE GIRLS.

An English Butler who Talked too Much Well Punished.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mr. Percy Lewis, a nephew of the late Moses Taylor, residing in a handsome and commodious villa in the village of Tarrytown, recently brought home with him a new butler. He was as English as he could possibly be, and, therefore, the latest approved fashion. He dropped his "h's" as regular as clockwork, his style was irreproachable, and when he assumed that stiff, starched and dignified attitude so peculiar to the English butler, with one elbow resting on the sideboard and the other daintily grasping a napkin, he at once became the hero of the servants' hall in the Lewis domicile.

Things went on peaceably enough for awhile, and Reginald, to the extreme disgust of the coachman, the stableman, the footman and the gardener, retained his monopoly of the admiration of the girls. But he gradually began to display a penchant for talking. Nothing escaped his eagle eye and nothing was too trivial for him to concoct into a story of some kind which he would tell with great gusto to his friends in the village. He would talk to every one about every one and everything.

He talked from morning until night,
He talked the cook clean out of sight,
He talked to the girls,
He talked to the boys,
Till they lost nearly all of their avoirdupois.

This talkative butler from Tarrytown.

As long as Reginald confined himself to matters outside of the Lewis household the girls found no objection to his fault and listened with complacency to his many ghost stories.

But when he began to abuse them as well as talk about them the girls arose "as one man" and declared that they would shut him up closer than a clam. An indignation meeting was held and it was resolved to wreak dire vengeance on the fellow the first opportunity that presented itself. They were not obliged to wait very long.

A few days ago word reached the servants that Reginald had been guilty of most wilful slander against one of their number. Instantly they went on the warpath. One of the girls espied him in the garden, where he was talking to the gardener. He was arrayed in his finest broadcloth preparatory to going into the dining-room.

Nellie, the girl, called out, "Regy, come here, I wish to speak to you." Regy replied in a few choice but forcible words that would hardly bear repetition in print and refused to grant the request.

Without a word of warning the five servants, two Nelligs, Mary, Viola and Jane, advanced from the kitchen with a rush, grabbed the struggling butler and carried him bodily into the laundry, where without further ceremony he was turned head first into a tub filled with cold water.

At this juncture Mrs. Lewis, who was attracted by the fellow's pitiful howls for mercy, came below, and when she was told the story by the girls heartily indorsed their conduct and only regretted that he had not shared a harder fate. When Mr. Lewis returned to the house in the evening he was told of what had happened, with the result that he at once dismissed Reginald from his service. He left Tarrytown vowing that he would get even with the "ole bloomin' lot."

HIS PAPA WAS REAL ANGRY.

An Angry Father on the Warpath After Effie Ellis, an Actress.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Memphis Tenn., Oct. 10th says: Miss Effie Ellis is the name of a pretty little blonde now playing an engagement at May's Bijou Theatre, on Washington street. She was formerly known to the profession as Flora Hastings, and first gained notoriety at Springfield, Mo., where Norman Cox, the son of Dr. James Cox, one of the most prominent citizens of that town, became enamored of her. The youthful lover was only nineteen years of age, and his stern parent, who was apprised of his son's infatuation, broke up their loving meeting and hustled his son off to St. Louis, where he was given employment in a railroad office in that city. Flora soon followed her lover to St. Louis, where she was taken ill, and was nursed by Cox, which incident apparently bound them closer to each other. Later on Miss Flora came to Memphis and assumed the name of Effie Ellis. This was doubtless done to hide her identity from Dr. Cox, of Springfield, who was keeping a surveillance over her.

Three weeks before her arrival here, young Cox came from St. Louis, and the two took lodgings at the Cochran House, where they were found by Dr. Cox, who followed his son to Memphis, and, with the aid of the police soon discovered their retreat. When the father walked into the room he was so incensed at seeing them together that he struck the girl a heavy blow, knocking her to the floor. His son was taken in charge and carried home to Springfield, and afterward sent to St. Louis, where, at present accounts, he still remains.

In an interview, this afternoon, Miss Ellis said: "Dr. Cox says I've ruined his boy, and all such stuff as that, but if it hadn't been for me there is no telling where Norman would be now. I have been insulted and abused in a shameful manner by the doctor, but my turn will come pretty soon, and then I will show him a piece or two of vengeance. He says I shan't have Norman any more, and that he'll kill me, but I'll just fool him. Let threats go to the winds, where they belong. I shall marry that boy in spite of all that can be done to prevent me. I could telegraph and have him here tomorrow, and have the knot tied right away, but I think it is best to wait till he is of age, which will be in four months."

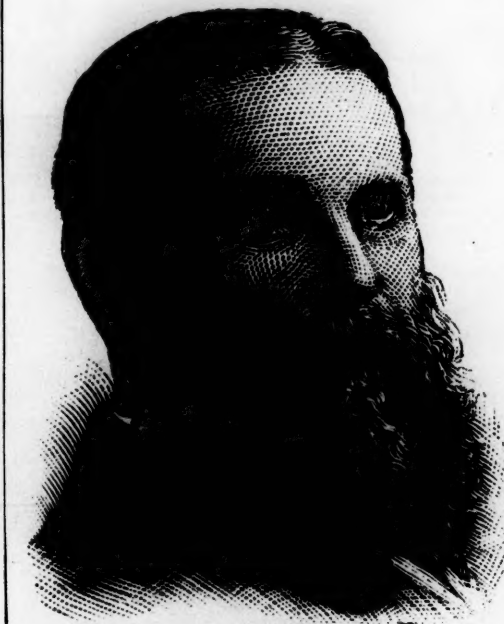
THE TWO GREAT CHAMPIONS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Jake Kilrain has been royally received in England. In the clubs, at the theatre, on the streets, or wherever he makes his appearance he is the lion of the hour. Even his English antagonist, Jem Smith, gave him his hand in London the other evening, and was as friendly as possible under the circumstances. Elsewhere we illustrate in this issue scenes of Kilrain's life in the British capital.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



William Henry.

Mr. Henry is the editor and proprietor of the Newtonwards Chronicle, County Down Ireland and has been making a stay in New York for some time past. He is a well-known journalist in the North of Ireland, perhaps, indeed, one of the oldest, and a literary man of no mean character. He has been a patron of all kinds of manly pastimes, and occupies a prominent position in his adopted town, Newtonwards, not only as a Town Commissioner but as a member of various other boards and institutions. His visit to this country has given him every satisfaction. He made an extensive tour of the Dominion of Canada, where he was most hospitably received and entertained, especially so by the members of the Toronto Press Club, who awarded him a thorough welcome and placed his name on the roll of honorary members.

Wm. Barrett.

In this issue we publish a portrait of William Barrett, the well-known jockey, whose face is familiar on the many race tracks. He is an artist in the pigskin, is seldom left at the post, and is often seen among the first flight at the finish of a great race.

May Fossett.

Three weeks ago May Fossett, daughter of G. W. Fossett, living at 1804 East Lake street, Minneapolis, left home in company with another girl whose name is not known. It was learned that the girls had gone to St. Paul. Mr. Fossett went to that city and made inquiries at the various employment offices. He did not report the matter to Chief Clark or the detectives, and those officials were much surprised when informed of the occurrence. Mr. Fossett appears very anxious about the young Miss, and desires to get information of her whereabouts.

William Bowles.

Coroner Miller went out to the Standiford farm, on the Preston street road, near Louisville, Ky., the other morning, and held an inquest on William Vanmeter, who was shot by William Bowles, his step-son-in-law. At the inquest the coroner examined fifteen witnesses. These were the neighbors who testified as to previous trouble between Vanmeter and Bowles, and the men who were in the store Friday night when Vanmeter declared he was going out "to get even with Bowles." But one witness saw the shooting, and that was Bowles' young wife.

The jury, upon the instructions of the coroner, returned a verdict of death from congestion of the lungs. Coroner Miller thinks that Vanmeter would have died shortly if he had not been shot, and that his life might have been prolonged for some weeks with the bullet-hole in his neck had his lungs been in their natural condition.

Mr. and Mrs. John Montgomery Ward.

Miss Helen Dauvray, the actress, is now Mrs. John Montgomery Ward, the wife of the well-known shortstop of the New York Baseball Club and now the president of the Brotherhood of Baseball Players. The couple were married last Wednesday, the ceremony taking place in Philadelphia. When the couple first became engaged it was agreed that they should not be married for two years. During this period Miss Dauvray was to continue before the footlights if she chose to do so, but she was to make no new contracts with managers. Mr. Ward was to secure his release from baseball thralldom and settle down as an attorney. He has been hoping to secure this release by the fall of next year. When in May last Miss Dauvray's illness caused her to stop acting she expressed to her family a desire to shorten the period of the courtship. Miss Dauvray's brother said:

"It had been settled that the marriage should take place at the end of this month. When, however, my sister learned that Mr. Ward was going to the Pacific Coast with the baseball club, she talked with him and they told us yesterday that they had decided to be married to-day at Philadelphia."

"They will go, perhaps, to Washington, but they will doubtless return in ten days, so as to prepare for the California trip."

Miss Dauvray's proper name is Helen Gibson. She was born in Cincinnati twenty-nine years ago, and at the age of five made her debut as Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the California Theatre. Subsequently she studied for seven years in Paris, and in 1882 she made her Parisian debut at the Folies Dramatiques. Four years ago she appeared in this city, producing "Mona" at the Star Theatre. Her former husband was Herbert Tracy, from whom she obtained a divorce. He then married Etelka Wardell, of operatic fame.

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JOHN MONTGOMERY WARD,
THE SHORT-STOP OF THE NEW YORK BASEBALL TEAM, WHO RECENTLY MARRIED
MISS HELEN DAUVRAY THE ACTRESS.



MISS HELEN DAUVRAY,
THE CLEVER ACTRESS WHO IS NOW MRS. J. M. WARD, WIFE OF THE WELL-KNOWN
NEW YORK BASEBALL PLAYER.



SNORKEYS VS. HOPPERS.

A GAME OF BALL BETWEEN TWO NINES COMPOSED OF RAILROAD EMPLOYEES WHO ARE MINUS A LEG OR ARM, PHILADELPHIA.



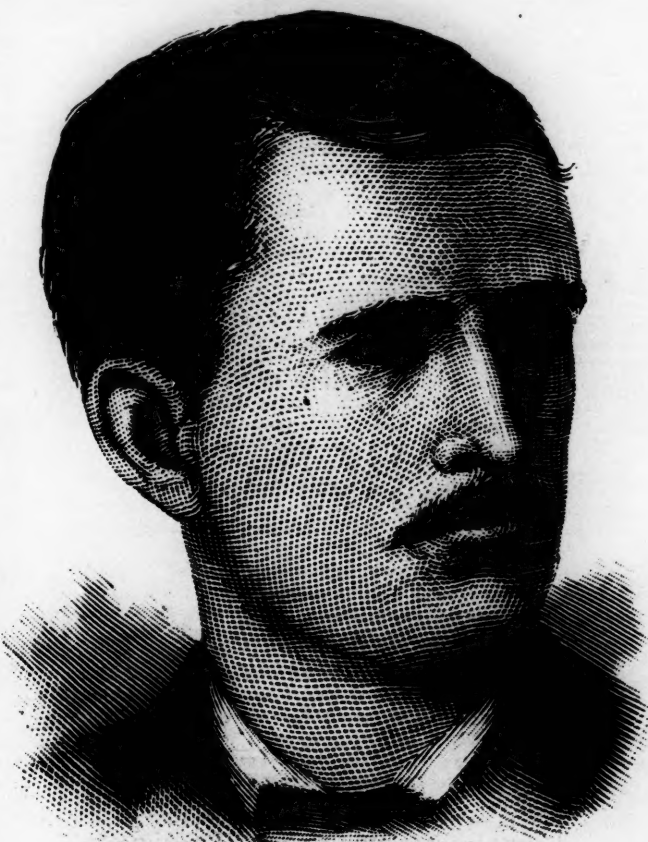
A GHOST ON STILTS.

A STRANGE SPOOK WITH SUPERNATURAL EYES WHICH HAS CAUSED CONSIDERABLE FEAR AT BELVIDERE, N. J.



HE CAUGHT HIS DAUGHTER.

ANNIE L. WOOD OF PHILADELPHIA, WHO ELOPED WITH HER FATHER'S COACHMAN, IS NEATLY TRAILED AT LOCKPORT, N. Y.



CLEM MUGRIDGE,

A GAY YOUNG BUTCHER WHO IS WANTED BY THE SHERIFF OF HASTINGS, BARRY CO., MICHIGAN, FOR FORGERY.



MAY FASSETT,

THE YOUNG GIRL WHO HAS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED FROM HER HOME IN MINNEAPOLIS.



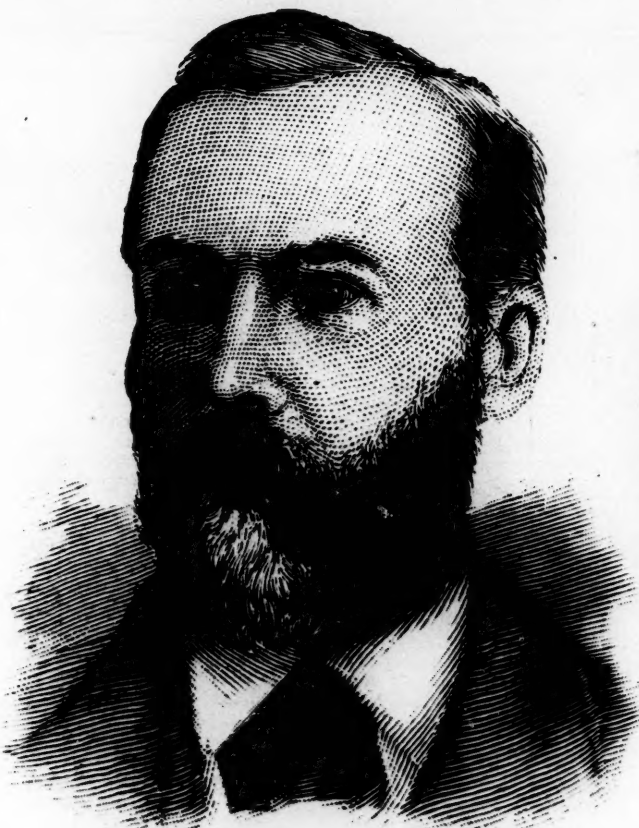
WILLIAM BOWLES,

WHO CROAKED HIS STEP-FATHER-IN-LAW BY PUTTING A BULLET IN HIS NECK, NEAR LOUISVILLE, KY.



IS THE ASSASSINATION SOLVED AT LAST?

THE SENSATION CAUSED BY THE ARREST OF CROMWELL AND STAIN THE ALLEGED MURDERERS OF TREASURER BARRON OF THE NATIONAL BANK OF DEXTER, MAINE.



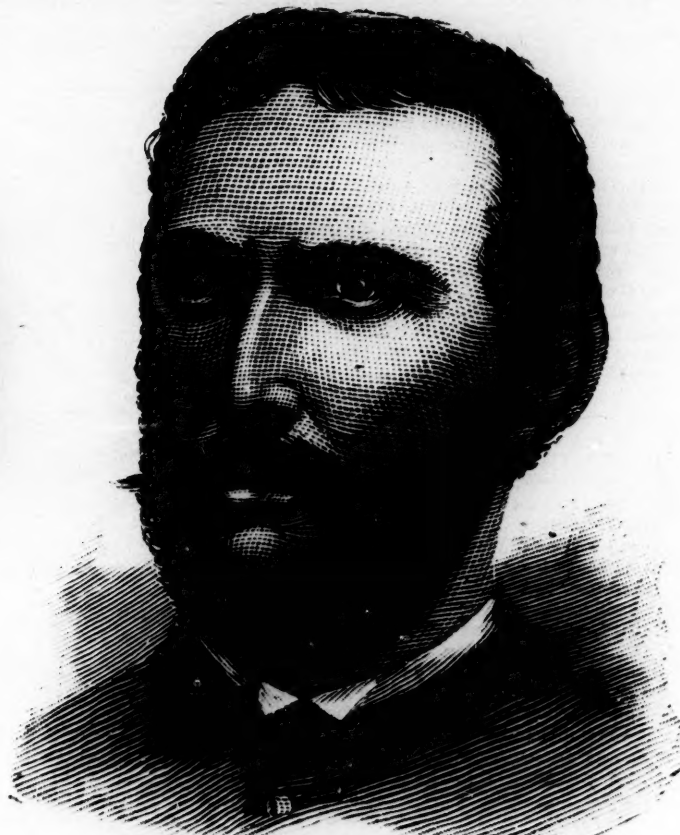
J. W. BARRON,

THE TREASURER OF THE NATIONAL BANK OF DEXTER, ME., WHO STAIN AND CROMWELL ARE ACCUSED OF KILLING.



MISS PINK COCHRAN,

BETTER KNOWN AS "NELLIE BLY" THE YOUNG LADY WHO PLAYED INSANITY ON THE BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, N. Y.. DOCTORS.



ZALEWSKI PHILEMON,

AN AUSTRIAN POSTAL CLERK WHO IS SUPPOSED TO BE ENJOYING AN EMBEZZLED BOODLE IN THIS COUNTRY.

BAD BLIVEN.

Although He Is a Sunday-School Teacher in the City of Churches

HE IS POSTED

On All the Wickedness of the Two Great Cities of the East, and Heartlessly Ruins

PRETTY FRANKIE BELL.

The long-deferred trial of Courtland H. Bliven on an indictment charging him with aiding and abetting in a case of malpractice, in which Miss Frances Gray Bell, better known as Frankie Bell, was the victim, has been begun before Judge Moore, in the Court of Sessions, Brooklyn. The prominence of the accused in church, business, yachting, amateur theatrical and society circles, and the publicity given to the scandal six or seven months ago, brought a crowd to the court room, and during the day there was not at any time a vacant seat in any part of the room.

Miss Bell entered the court on the arm of her brother, and was accompanied by Mrs. Sophronia Twichell, the woman who has been so determinedly fighting for the right of suffrage, and who lately made two unsuccessful attempts to have her name registered as a voter. Miss Bell is a medium-sized, well-proportioned woman, with brown hair, dark, restless eyes and regular



MEETING ON A RAPID TRANSIT CAR.

features, over which a constant smile seemed to hover. There was no indication of sadness or anxiety in her manner, and she looked as if she were listening to an amusing dramatic performance. She was the best and most attractively dressed woman in the court room. She wore a close-fitting black satin dress, trimmed with jet, and a brown velvet hat, with white and black feathers. Brown kid gloves covered her hands, and plain gold earrings were all her jewelry. She did not look more than the twenty-eight years which she admitted when she took the witness chair.

Mr. Bliven is a small, slimy built man of 40, with light hair and blue eyes and a very prominent nose. For several years he had been a pewholder and a leading member in Dr. Talmage's church, and was one of the founders of the Amaranth Dramatic Association. He has made a fortune as a yacht builder and broker, with an office at 183 Wall street. He was defended by Jere Wernberg, and Mr. Clarke, the young Assistant District Attorney, conducted the prosecution. Miss Bell was the first witness and remained on the stand for over four hours. She answered all the questions both on the direct and cross examination in a clear and calm voice. She never lost her composure, and her smile seldom left her face.

She testified that she first met Mr. Bliven in an Atlantic avenue rapid transit car when she was accompanied by Miss Mamie Swift. Bliven bowed to them leaving the car, helped them out, and said he thought he had met them before. She told him that she did not know him and he apologized. She next met him in the Brooklyn Tabernacle and Bliven escorted her to a seat in his pew, and on leaving her told her when she came to the Tabernacle in future to go to his pew. She went there on the following Sunday, and during the services he handed her a card and asked her to put her name and address on it, as he wanted to give her tickets for the amateur opera. She did so and handed him back the card, when he gave her two tickets for the opera. This was the beginning of their acquaintance.

Soon after this Bliven called at the house in Hancock street, where she was living with her brother. He talked about religion, and showed her a Masonic book. He told her that he had been courting Miss Edith Day, but had broken off, as he wouldn't marry a hot-tempered, jealous woman. Bliven, after three or four visits to her house proposed marriage, and she accepted, and it was then that he betrayed her. When she found that she was in trouble she begged him to fulfill his promise to marry her, but he refused. He then asked her to submit to an operation, which he said he could perform himself, as he was experienced in that business. Then when she called at his office Miss Day was there. He said to the witness then that she must leave or he would kick her down stairs. After her refusal

to submit to the operation she received this letter from Bliven:

FRANK: I think you are the most eccentric girl I ever met. You should belong to the Eccentric Club. Why, Frank, I thought you certainly very sensible in all your dealings with everybody. Now you have turned out just the opposite of what I formed an opinion of what you were. I don't know as I blame you. But eccentric people should not be eccentric with eccentric people. I am an eccentric cuss and your eccentricities

known who the letter was from—that is, not from the composition—had I not looked at the signature, for I have no recollection whatever of a chicken, or telegraph boy, or boss, or anything of the kind. If it were the full of the moon, I should be able to account for your ravings. Do you often have these turns? I am truly sorry for you. Had I known all this, I should have sympathized with you when last I met you at the Tabernacle. However, I shall always try and remember how they effect you, and that chickens and tele-



THE ROAD TO RUIN.

grind my eccentricity, and therefore we eccentrics are made more eccentric by your eccentric cussedness. I should have been pleased to have beheld your eccentric face this evening. But I suppose I shall not be eccentric enough to do so. When you think our eccentricities will not clash with your eccentric face, I shall be pleased to see or hear from my eccentric friend. From your old eccentric friend, OLD ECCENTRIC C. H. B.

Miss Bell detailed the facts as to the malpractice, which was performed by Mrs. Maria Jahn at the house of Mrs. Butler, in Bridge street. She was guided all through the matter by Bliven, she said. After the police were notified of the matter Edith Day called on her and asked her to retract the statement she had made and keep quiet, but she refused to do so. Bliven also came and offered to be her friend for life if she would save him from the trouble impending.

On cross-examination she testified that she was twenty-eight years old, and for four years before October, 1885, had been superintendent of the pharmacy at 823 Broadway, New York. When she met Mr. Bliven for the first time in November, 1884, she was in no business. She had never been introduced to him, nor did she introduce him to her brother or sister-in-law until his third or fourth visit to her house. When he called the first time he gave her to understand that he was a very religious man. He also showed her a picture of Edith Day, and said that if she was lying at the point of death he wouldn't go to see her, even if by so doing he could save her life. She did not think at the time that his remark was inconsistent with his professions of religion.

It was in January that he made his first declaration of love, and told her that he cared for her, and her only.

Miss Bell was very closely questioned as to a visit she made to New York with Bliven one Sunday in the middle of February. She said:

We met at Dr. Talmage's church, and after the service went to New York. I intended to go that day to visit relatives of mine near Hoboken. Mr. Bliven asked me to dinner and we went to Parker's, in Sixth avenue and Thirtieth street, and remained at dinner from two until six o'clock. Our principal talk was about other parties, a lady and a gentleman. A snow storm came up, and I went, at Mr. Bliven's request, to a house in

graph boys chase each other through your brain. But I doubt if you could have that photographed, even though you paid \$10. I expected to see you at 81 as you promised. Where have you been and what doing that you could not find time? I returned from abroad on Wednesday afternoon and found — better, for some reason she thought I looked worse. Strange what fancies people have, isn't it?

Why didn't you write me a long letter? Nobody but myself ever opens my mail, so never hesitate on that account.

What has come over you that I am not to say a word to — and that you won't see me? Well, Bert, I live at 81 Hancock street and would be delighted to see you there.

My dinner bell is ringing and I must say good-by. I thought you said something about taking me to ride. If you meant it, come up and take me. It is lovely riding now. Well, I hope when this reaches 118 you will have recovered and the chicken gone, to roost and you will follow in due time.

Come up to-morrow if you can—in the afternoon, but let me know if you are coming, so I will not go out. Very sincerely,

MISS BELL denied that she was acquainted with a Dr. Hamilton in New York or ever went out riding with him.

Q.—When you were superintendent of the drug store in Broadway did any gentleman pay you attentions? A.—Oh, yes; there were several.

Q.—Was one of them an aged gentleman? A. I remember that one of them was thirty-five years old.

Q.—Was there not another much older? A.—There was a gentleman about fifty years old, but as he is no way interested in this matter I would prefer not to give his name. He was attentive to me, and took me occasionally to the opera. The gentleman of thirty-five and I were once engaged to be married.

The witness passed through the cross examination without being badly shaken on any material point, but admitted that there was considerable discrepancy between her present statement and that made by her before the Grand Jury in May. She accounted for this by saying that she was very sick and nervous when she appeared before the Grand Jury.

"Miss Bell, who was then passing under the name of



THE CHICKEN SALAD AND CIGARETTE EPISODE.

Twenty-eighth street. I saw that it was a house of assignment, but I did not raise any objection. We remained there that night, and had a chicken supper there. A messenger came to get the order, and a waiter brought the supper. I hid in the closet when they came.

A letter was handed to Miss Bell, which she admitted she had written to Bliven just at the time that she was suffering remorse over his conduct. It is dated Feb. 25, and says:

BERTIE DEAR—I should never in the world have

Miss Gray, came to my house on May 4, after the operation had been performed. On May 11 I heard Mr. Bliven's voice in Miss Bell's room. Edith Day was also there at the same time. Mr. Bliven asked Miss Bell to take back her statement that he had given her \$10, saying that if she did so it would save him and two others from serious trouble. Miss Day also urged her to do so, and said: 'We will take care of you.' I heard the conversation by placing my ear at the keyhole of the door.

Mrs. Sophronia Twichell, a well-known advocate of

female suffrage, testified that she had known Miss Bell for two years. She met her at Fulton Ferry last May and learned about her trouble. As a result of this she went to Mr. Bliven's office, but he denied that he knew Miss Bell. Subsequently she accompanied Miss Bell's brother to the office. Mr. Bell asked Mr. Bliven what he was going to do for his sister. Mr. Bliven replied that he was willing to do almost anything for her, but that he could not marry her, as he would be committing bigamy if he did so. Mr. Bell took it very coolly.

"If I had been in his place," said Mrs. Twichell, "I would have gone a-gunning."

Several residents of the house at 47 Johnson avenue, where the operation was performed, testified to the fact that Bliven had called there two or three times with Miss Bell. Mr. Wernberg moved that the Court direct the jury to acquit on the ground that the indictment was defective because it accused him of the malpractice, whereas the testimony was to the effect that he aided and abetted it. Judge Moore denied the motion, but, as he said, with a great deal of hesitation and a great deal of doubt. He admitted that a very serious, a very grave and a very embarrassing question had been raised. Mr. Bliven then testified in his own behalf. He related the story of his acquaintance with Miss Bell and the trouble in which he became involved thereby. He said:

"I have never been an usher or member of Dr. Talmage's church. I was simply a pew holder. I first met Miss Bell in an Atlantic avenue car, on a Sunday late in September, 1883. A young lady was with her. I was reading a newspaper on the side opposite to them, and they frequently looked over and smiled at me. We got off together and they kept smiling. I tipped my hat and asked them if they were going to Sunday-school. They said they were. I walked with them a short distance and then jumped on a Flatbush avenue car. Two weeks afterward I saw Miss Bell in Talmage's church. When I came in she recognized me and asked me to get her a seat. I took her to my pew. She said: 'I have a friend with me; give me your name and I will introduce you.'

"When I got to the church next Sunday she was in my pew. She came again on the following Sunday with the lady who was with her in the car. She was in my pew almost every Sunday. One Sunday, when it was snowing, she asked me after the service to take her around to the cars, and I walked with her to Fulton street. She asked me if I had a horse and sleigh, and I told her I had and would call for her that afternoon and take her out driving. I found that the weather was too severe to go out and I stopped at her house to explain why I did not bring the sleigh. I remained at her house from 5 until 10



GIVING HER ADDRESS.

o'clock. It was on Feb. 20 that we went to New York and remained for the night at a house in Twenty-eighth street. I never up to that time or afterward proposed to marry Miss Bell. It was at her request that I went with her to New York after the service. She told me she was going to see her sister in New Jersey, and wanted me to see her to the ferry. When we crossed to New York she said she was hungry, and we went to Parker's, in Sixth avenue and Thirtieth street, for dinner. I proposed that we should go to the Hoffman House, but she said she was not dressed well enough for that place. When we finished dinner at half-past 4 o'clock it was snowing very hard, and she said she would not be able to go to Jersey, but that she would go with me to any place I might propose, expressing a preference for a private house. I escorted her to Mrs. Fisch's house in Twenty-eighth street, and remained there until 10 o'clock the next morning.

"At 10 o'clock at night we had a supper of broiled chicken, sweet potatoes, coffee, etc. Miss Bell admitted the waiter, took a \$5 bill from my pocket to pay for the supper, and arranged the supper on a marble-topped table. Miss Bell drank brandy and smoked cigarettes. In a few days I received the letter from Miss Bell in which reference is made to the chicken supper."

Mr. Bliven then detailed the visits Miss Bell made to his office when she discovered that she was in trouble. He denied that he had ever proposed to her to submit to malpractice, but, on the contrary, strongly opposed such a proceeding.

"I advised her," he said, "to go to the country, to some quiet place, and remain there until the trouble was all over. She could then send the child to a foundling asylum, and I said I would take good care of her."

When the jury went out Mr. Bliven was made painfully sensible for the first time that he was in the grip of the law. He was promptly escorted by a court officer to the pen reserved for prisoners, and he remained there with bowed head hour after hour during the absence of the jury. It was the first time that he experienced the rigor of criminal discipline, for on his arrest in May he was escorted from his office in Wall street to the court and promptly released on furnishing the required bail.

At 10 o'clock the jury returned to the court room and the foreman said that so far they could not reach an agreement. He requested that the Court might read the statute bearing on aiding and abetting in a crime, for the benefit of Jurymen Kelley, whose mind was unsettled on the question. Judge Moore did not read the statute, but curtly informed the jury that he had already laid down the law in his charge. The jury then returned to continue their deliberations.

At a late hour the jury returned into court with a verdict of guilty.

ALL FOR HIM.

What the Prominent Sporting Men Unite in Saying of Jake Kilrain.

HIS CHANCES.

How the American Champion Continues to Rise in Public Estimation.

"A SURE WINNER."

The reigning topic, now the racing season proper is nearly over, is the great international prize-fight for \$10,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt which Jake Kilrain, of Boston, and Jem Smith, of London, the respective champions of England and America, are to battle for in Spain next January. At nearly every public gathering the great battle is the leading topic of discussion. At the American Jockey Club races on Oct. 12, while sitting in the grand stand looking at Garrison, the champion jockey, display his wonderful riding at the finish we heard the following conversation:

"Richard K. Fox has got back from Europe. I supposed he was going to stop in England and see Kilrain first," said one of the parties.

No. 2 replied: "He would be foolish to stop and see Kilrain whipped; besides, it is bad enough to lose your money without being present and looking at it vanishing. I think this Smith will knock the covering off of Kilrain's ribs."

No. 1 replied: "Jeff, you are away off. Kilrain's the best fighter in this country since the big fellow (meaning Sullivan) has been on the shelf, and Richard K. Fox is not betting \$5,000 and spending money in going over to England if he did not think he had a great chance to land the money, and I understand he is going to bet \$10,000 on Kilrain."

No. 2 said: "Sullivan would have been the man to go over to knock out that Englishman."

"Yes," said No. 1; "he refused to fight Smith."

"I'll bet you \$100 he didn't," was the reply of No. 2.

"Put up," said No. 1, "and let Al. Smith hold the money. I know what I say. Richard K. Fox agreed to back Sullivan against Smith, and the big fellow would not fight unless Smith came over and Sullivan knew he would not do that."

"I never heard it," said No. 2, "but you read the POLICE GAZETTE every week and are well posted. I am going to play Smith anyhow, for I think he will win; besides, Dick Roche and all the talent want to bet 2 to 1 against Kilrain."

"Well," said No. 2, "I am going to back Kilrain, for I think he is the best man in America."

At this juncture the shout, "they are off" and the dialogue ended.

Gabe Case, the well-known sporting man, who is well known by all horsemen and trainers, was at Jerome Park races on Oct. 12. Judging from the horses Case was backing, he is better posted on trotters than runners, for Belvidere and Nellie Van were the horses the great road-house boniface was backing, and they were not in the hunt. The POLICE GAZETTE representative met Case, and after a friendly greeting dropped right onto what was Gabe Case's great hobby, pugilism. This may make the unsophisticated and those not posted smile, but nevertheless it is a fact. Gabe Case was Jem Mace's backer when the latter was Jem Mace, and it was Case who matched Mace to fight Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, when the latter invaded this country and threw down the gauntlet to fight any man in the world. The POLICE GAZETTE representative put up at Barnum's, in Baltimore, when Gabe Case, Joe Coburn, Jem Mace, and the pick of the fancy, were to leave on steamboats, with the rival champions, from the Monumental city, for the battle ground, but the authorities gave the boys a set-back by stopping the boats from leaving, and all hands, with the cook, left for New York, and the mill never came off. Case was also at one time a backer of Joe Coburn, and was always ready to find the sipew of war for any man or beast that held a premiership certificate. Probably Case is just as well posted as any man in the country on the merits of champions, and knowing this, the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent came to the conclusion he was a capital person to find out what he thought of the great international battle.

Case said: "I see that Richard K. Fox has returned safe from England, and he accomplished what he went over for."

"Yes," was the reply, "he ratified the great international match in first-class style. What do you think of the American champion's chances, Gabe?" said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent.

"I think Kilrain is a first-class pugilist, but Sullivan should have been the man for Mr. Fox to match against Smith. He would have stood a better chance of winning; don't you think so?" said Case, as he handled one of Mattie Corbett's race tickets calling for \$200 to \$100 on Belvidere, 1-2.

"Kilrain has a great chance to win, and although it is 2 to 1 against him, bar an accident, he will win," was the reply.

"I suppose," said Case, "if Kilrain wins, Richard K. Fox will illuminate the POLICE GAZETTE building."

"Yes, he will have New York painted red. Kilrain will be met at the steamer with a band of music and a coach with six gray horses, and we will have Johnny Murphy, the great driver and ribbon-twister, to drive the champion, and all the stakes will be given to Kilrain," was the reply.

"Will Mr. Fox give him the \$5,000 if he wins?" said Case.

"Yes, and the biggest reception ever given a champion, not barring Heenan's, after he fought Tom Sayers," said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent.

"I should like to see him win," said Gabe, "and what is more, I should like to see him winning, but it is too far away. Is there many going over?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "George Engeman, Pete

Duryea, James Keenan of Boston; Charley Johnston, of Brooklyn; James Wakeley and Charley Goodman, of Washington," said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent.

"I suppose Mr. Fox had a great time in England," said Case.

"Yes, he was a surprise party for a good many. He planted \$10,000 in the Sporting Life office, London, and offered to speculate that amount on Kilrain."

"That must have made them look," said Case. "He is a 2-10 trotter when he sets out to do anything, and beats everything, and I shall be pleased if his man wins. Ask him to drive up and see me," said Case. "I shall be glad to see him, and come up yourself."

At this juncture the horses for the race in which Gabe had \$100 on Belvidere for a place started, but the horse Case backed did not run second.

Amid the bustle and jostling, Frank Rummel, the famous turf auctioneer, who recently owned a racing stable, came along, and knowing that he is well up on sport in all its phases, we buttonholed him.

"Are you going to sell pools on the international prize fight?" said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent to the popular "How much, gentlemen, for first choice?"

"Oh, no," said Rummel, "but I am going to back Richard K. Fox's champion just because he is matching him. Do you think he will whip Smith?" said Rummel.

"Well," said the POLICE GAZETTE representative, "he will go well, to use a turf phrase."

"I should like to see that fight," said Rummel, "because it is going to be a rattler. I saw Kilrain box in Madison Square garden, and he is just as good a boxer as I ever saw, although he is not as powerful as Sullivan, and he was a dandy if he had not abused himself. Will Mr. Fox go back again to see the fight? I suppose he will, and bet a lot of money."

"Oh, no," said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent. "He may go to see the battle, but he will not bet any money. He never bets on anything except in putting up stakes. He will give Kilrain \$1,000 to bet in the ring, and that is about all he will do, and if Kilrain wins he will give him all the stakes."

"Well, that will be more than I ever heard of. What does he expect to make out of the fight if he gives Kilrain the stakes and does not bet any money on the result?" said the famous poolseller.

"Why, reputation and the name of giving a champion belt, and having a champion, an American, to win the championship of the world," was the reply.

"By Jove, he is a genuine sporting man," said Rummel. "Well, I hope Kilrain wins galloping," and the next minute he was up on his rostrum shouting, "Well, how much for first choice?"

Matt Sharpe, the well-known sporting man, whose face is familiar on every race track, was found in the paddock of the American Jockey Club.

"Well, Matt," said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent, "who is going to win the 'Police Gazette' diamond whip Richard K. Fox is giving for the jockey winning the most mounts?"

"Well, it is not all over yet. There are the Baltimore and Washington races, and McLaughlin and Garrison will have it nip and tuck; yet the Snapper has so far the best of it, for he is way ahead. Richard K. Fox is a liberal man, offering such valuable trophies, but it was a capital idea to put up something for the jockies to ride for. He is backing Kilrain to fight Jem Smith," said Sharpe.

"Yes," replied the POLICE GAZETTE representative, "what do you think about the fight?"

Sharpe said: "Well, race horses are my hobby, but I like to read about the boxers in the POLICE GAZETTE, and I am greatly interested over the Kilrain and Smith fight, and so are many more I know, and if Kilrain is as good as Parole and Iriquois were when they were in England, the Star Spangled Banner will be, as usual, on top. I heard a great many say that Sullivan should have been sent over against Smith. They think he would have had a better chance to gallop in first than Kilrain; but Kilrain is a better man than many suppose, and on January 3, when the full report of the fight is published in the POLICE GAZETTE, you will remember my words. Well," continued Sharpe, "I wish the POLICE GAZETTE good luck and their champion, and hope Richard K. Fox will win a fortune, because he keeps sports alive." Sharpe then jostled off to back Nellie B. for a place; it was 3 to 1 and the filly got there.

Jim Gideon, who is a plunger on the turf, and who speculates in all games of chance, then jostled through the mass of humanity who were pushing and hauling each other in a continued struggle to place money on Roi d'Or in the last race on the card. After Gideon had put up \$200 each way on Nellie Van (E. H. Garrison, the jockey's recent purchase), we had an opportunity to speak to him.

"I understand you are going to England to plunge on Jem Smith's chances to defeat Jake Kilrain," said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent.

"Well," said Gideon, "I have heard a great deal about this fight and heard several of the talent offering to back Smith at 2 to 1, but I know very little about either of the men's abilities or I might bet just \$1,000. What do you think about it?" said the plunger as he twirled a \$500 bill around his fingers.

"I think Kilrain has the best chance, and I am certain that 2 to 1 is a false price against him. Yet Dick Roche and several of the bookies appear willing to put up," was the reply. "Smith is touted as a sure winner from the other side," said Gideon, "and one would suppose it was a cinch."

"That will not make Smith win. Look to-day, for instance, Lelex was looked upon as a 'cinch' and the public had to put up 2 to 1, and even the bookmakers would not lay 1 against 2, and he did not win. Before the day of the fight Kilrain will be the favorite," said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent.

"I suppose Richard K. Fox will bet \$5,000 or \$10,000 on Kilrain," said Gideon.

"I do not think he will. The fight will cost him \$10,000 before he is through with it, but he does not care if Kilrain will only win, and no matter if Kilrain wins or loses, Mr. Fox will be out," was the reply.

"What did he get into it for?" said Gideon.

"Merely to keep up the sport," said the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent. "He will give Kilrain all the stakes, and give him \$1,000 to bet in the ring, and he has already given him \$1,000 to defray his expenses, so that you see he is risking \$7,000 against nothing; and then there are other expenses."

"Richard K. Fox must be a wonderful man; he is giving a diamond whip for the winning jockey."

"Yes, and he had the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt, which cost \$2,500, made to represent the heavy-weight championship, and Smith and Kilrain are to fight for that, besides the \$10,000."

"Why, that will foot up nearly \$20,000, enough to buy a racing stable," said Gideon. "Well, I think I will have to try and knock Smith down, and will back the American champion at the odds now offered. What does McCloud think about it?" said Gideon.

"He is going to bet \$5,000 on Kilrain after the latter

goes into training, so I understand," was the response. "I shall have to bet on the American champion," said Gideon.

At this juncture the horses started, and Gideon left to see the race. Nellie Van did not win, and Gideon was out of pocket.

An English critic who is well posted on pugilism says: "It will not do to underrate Kilrain, the American champion, for there is not the least doubt that he possesses all the necessary points essential for a prize ring champion. He has fought several times in the prize ring, and bears the highest reputation for gameness and capability to receive severe punishment. His fine style of fighting Joe Lannon, a pugilist who far exceeded him in the great points of height and strength, was the subject of general admiration; straight, quick and well-timed hitting, good stopping, clever in getting away from danger, cool in judgment and fertility of resources, when in difficulty, were all strikingly manifested. Kilrain has proved himself a thoroughly clever, scientific and game boxer, and is entitled to the proud title of champion of America."

The Daily News, N.Y., on Oct. 11, contained the following communications:

Sir: I understand Dick Roche of St. Louis wants to bet \$1,000 to \$500 that Jem Smith will whip Jake Kilrain. If Roche sends \$1,000 to Richard K. Fox I will cover it, and just go Roche twice or three times at the odds he offers.

Sir: In regard to the championship of the world fight please state that I will bet \$300 even that Jake Kilrain will win first blood; the same amount that he wins first knock-down; \$300 that he wins first fall; \$500 against \$1,000 that Kilrain will not lose the international fight, \$500 to \$1,000 that the American champion will not receive two black eyes during the contest. Any one willing to make all these bets can notify the Daily News and Richard R. Fox or Al. Smith can hold the stakes.

In England opinions differ as to the chances of Kilrain and Smith. The expression "Smith is a cheap champion" has been heard on several occasions, but it must be borne in mind that Jem Smith has never known defeat, and all that he has been asked to do he has done, and done well, in the bargain, though his record is certainly not a long one.

James Cusick, John C. Heenan's second and trainer when the Benicia Boy fought Tom Sayers, believes that Kilrain should win. "He is a big strong fellow," said he, "taller by two inches than Smith and longer in the reach, to say nothing of being a good bit cleverer, and if he gets a fair show and is properly trained and handled he ought to win." A cable from London says that Kilrain showed improved form in an exhibition bout with Mitchell.

Parties who wish to wager sums of \$100 or \$1,000 on Kilrain or Smith in the coming great international prize fight can forward their money to James McCloud, in care of the POLICE GAZETTE office, and he will invest it to the best possible advantage at the rate of 10 per cent. commission.

The New York Daily News, Oct. 11, says: "Richard K. Fox arrived yesterday on the Cunard steamer Etruria. He was met at the dock by a number of his friends, including Mr. John Wood, the well-known politician and photographer. Mr. Fox said that Kilrain had many admirers in London, and he believed that the great international fight would end in Kilrain's winning. Mr. Fox had made a tour through Ireland, his native place, and Europe, and appeared well satisfied with his trip and his success in bringing about the great international match between Jake Kilrain and Jem Smith for \$10,000 and the championship of the world."

Jem Smith, the English champion, cannot be such a wonder if the following criticism, forwarded by a capital judge of boxing in London, England, is correct. He says: "Smith is a strong and powerful looking boxer, but is deficient in many of the qualities that Tom Sayers and Jem Mace (the most scientific boxer the prize ring ever knew) possessed. He possesses only an ordinary share of scientific knowledge and judging by his encounters with Jack Davis, Mace's novice, and Alf Greenfield, his main reliance is on his own supposed natural abilities as a fighter, which will, in front of such a tall, powerful gladiator as Kilrain prove weak and futile. He is very awkward at stopping and his slowness of delivery prevents his countering to advantage. In a contest with a boxer not his superior he may be successful. But against a clever, determined man and a scientific boxer, with the advantage of height, strength and length of reach against him he will find himself overmatched, and the American champion appears to be just such a boxer, that if his record in the United States is a line to judge by, to prove more than a match for Smith, although he is the champion of England. Looking at the disparity in height, weight, etc., between Smith and Kilrain, the American champion looks like a good chance to back at the foolish price of 3 to 1, which is being laid by over-anxious layers, simply because Smith beat Davis and fought a plucky battle with Alf Greenfield. Neither were ever classed as champions in our mind, or were never good pupils for Tom Sayers or Jem Mace. Smith may have a good deal up his sleeve, but the idea of betting 3 to 1 against the American champion's chances appears to be ridiculous."

THE DEXTER BANK MURDER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION, WITH PORTRAIT.]

Oliver Smith, alias Cromwell, and David L. Stain, the alleged murderers of J. W. Barron, treasurer of the National Savings Bank of Dexter, Maine, who were arrested at Walpole and Franklin, Mass., last Thursday were brought back to Dexter the following morning under the most sensational circumstances. Crowds of pretty women, men and children gathered at the depot and tried enter the cars to get a peep at the notorious pair who were in charge of Sheriff Mitchell and a New York World reporter. Cromwell is well known in Foxborough and its vicinity and was suspected of being the murderer of Mrs. Arlington, and was for some time closely watched by the police. He has a bad reputation and has always been considered a desperate character.

"Doc" Andrews, whose name has been mentioned in connection with the Dexter Bank robbery, and who has been living here most of the time since that occurrence, was arrested here to-night on an order from Dexter, and held to await further investigation.

CLEM MURKIDGE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The Sheriff of Hastings, Barry county, Mich., will pay one hundred dollars reward for the arrest of Clem Murkidge, wanted for forgery at the above town. He is twenty-seven years old—looks to be a little older; about five feet eight inches high; weighs about 165 pounds; complexion darkish, but face is ruddy when in liquor; dark hair; brown eyes; lightish mustache, if any; habit of turning up right corner of upper lip and talks from corner of mouth. When standing or walking his head is leaned a little forward; walks with swinging gait and almost invariably with hands in pants pockets. He has followed business of farmer, butcher and drover. He frequents saloons and drinks intoxicating liquors, and is in general a very gay fellow.

SHOT HIS STEPFATHER.

Banker Rawson Fatally Wounded by His Young Stepson at Chicago.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Chicago Oct. 16 says: Stephen W. Rawson, President of the Union Trust Company, was shot and mortally wounded by his stepson, William Lee, or Slaymaker, shortly after noon to-day. Mr. Rawson had been in attendance at the morning service in the Third Presbyterian Church, of which he is a member, and was just emerging from the church porch to walk to his residence at 496 West Monroe street, when young Lee, who is about 18 years of age, advanced from the edge of the sidewalk, where he had awaited the appearance of Mr. Rawson, and opened fire on his stepfather with a self-cocking revolver. As the church is one of the largest and most fashionable in the city, the sidewalk was thronged with worshippers on their way home, and terrible consternation was produced by the murderous attack.

This tragedy is the outcome of a curious domestic complication which has figured very largely in the courts and newspapers during the past year. Stephen W. Rawson, about 48 years of age, a member of the Illinois Club and a wealthy and well-known capitalist, being a widower with one child, in March, 1886, married Mrs. Meekie Lee, a blooming, handsome woman of 34, who had already been divorced from two husbands.

Mrs. Rawson, whose maiden name was America Smith, was born in New Orleans, and when sixteen years old married a Mr. Slaymaker, a gambler in that city, to whom she bore the boy William Slaymaker. She soon obtained a divorce from her husband on the ground of drunkenness, and a year or two later made her appearance in Columbus, Ohio, where she married Charles Lee, to whom she bore a daughter, now about ten years of age. Her son took the name of Lee, and dropped that of Slaymaker. The second marriage also ended in a divorce, and the woman made her way to Washington, where, by the kind influence of Gov. Foster and some other friends, she obtained a clerkship in a department.

She was next heard of in Chicago as the mistress of a richly furnished house on Michigan avenue and a lady of apparent wealth, though her social status was not very well defined. It was at this house, where Mrs. Lee received the friendly visits of several Ohio and Georgia gentlemen of political prominence, that Banker Rawson met and became enamored of the fascinating lady. The courtship was brief. He was rich and she was beautiful, and they were married something over a year and a half ago.

On Sept. 23, 1885, Mrs. Rawson filed a bill for separate maintenance, alleging gross cruelty on the part of her husband, whom she charged with having locked her out of her house and home. Banker Rawson's answer was a general denial together with allegations to the effect that his wife used bad language and swore at the servants. In February last he filed a cross bill, in which he alleged his wife's misconduct on a Pullman sleeping car between Chicago and St. Louis. Then came a fire of crimination and recrimination until the colored porter of the sleeping car who had sworn to the criminal acts, appeared in court, and recanting this damaging testimony, swore that he had been bribed in the Rawson interest to give this evidence.

On last Monday an amended cross bill was filed by Rawson in which he alleged specific acts of misconduct on the part of his wife with sundry persons unknown. Such was the position of affairs, with every prospect of a bitter fight in the courts, when young Lee made up his mind to kill his stepfather, and, knowing he was a regular attendant at church, chose this opportunity. Stepping up close behind Mr. Rawson he fired one shot, which took effect in the calf of the leg. As Rawson threw up his hands in pain Lee fired again, the ball going through the palm of Rawson's left hand. Again he fired, this time with better aim, as the bullet took effect in the left side just above the hip, inflicting a fatal wound. The poor man now fell to the ground, and as he lay there Lee emptied the two remaining chambers of his pistol into the prostate form.

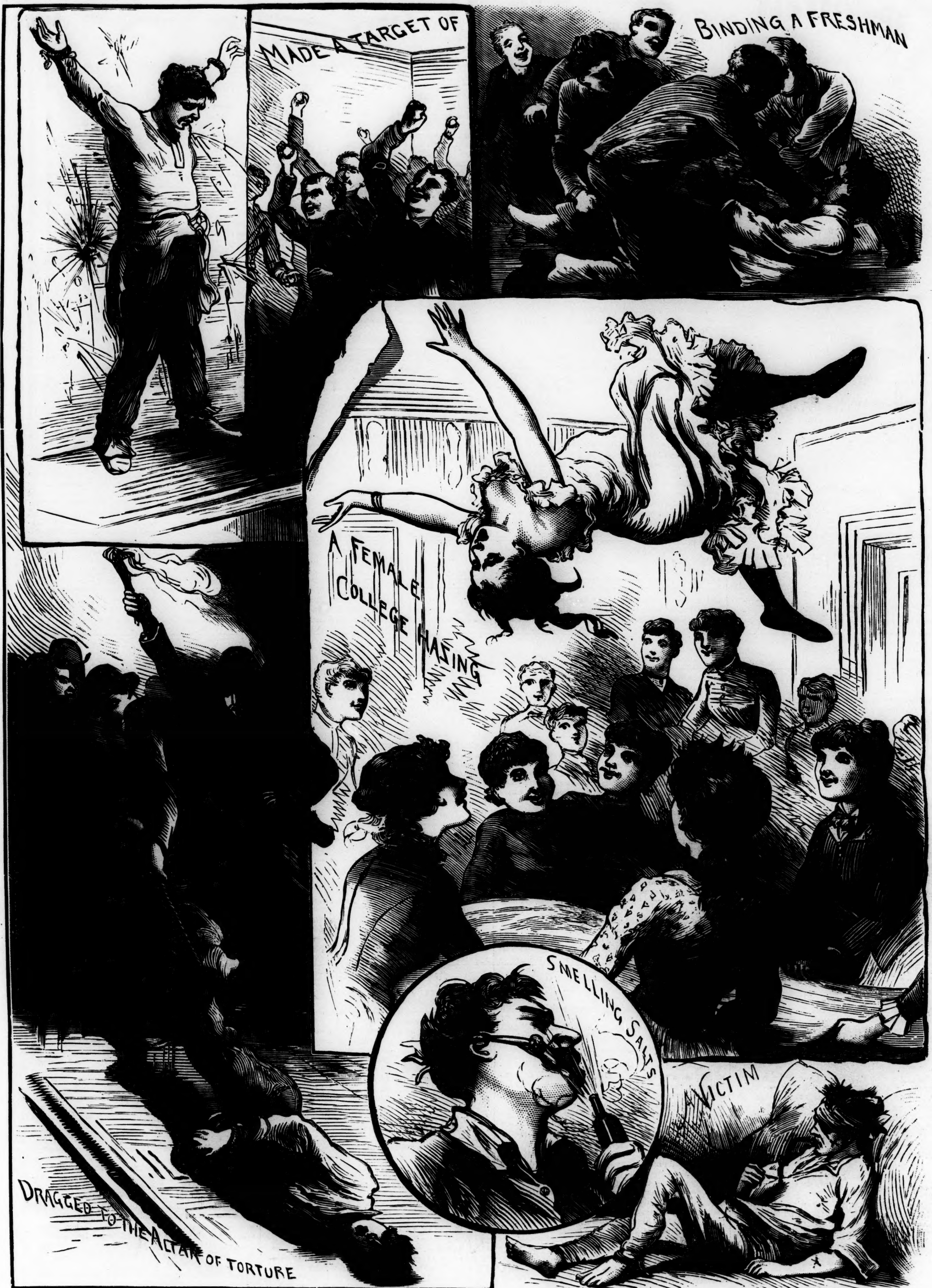
DENNIS A. GERRATY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Alderman Dennis A. Gerraty, of Hallowell, Maine, the subject of our sketch, was born in Norwich, Conn. He is now 35 years of age. His education was gained in the public schools, and though his parents were in comfortable circumstances and desirous of seeing him go to college and enter one of the professions, his inclinations led him to a different course. He learned the trade of stone-cutter, and soon excelled in first-class workmanship. He early took an interest in all manly sports, and his contact with young men of the same proclivities, and the disputes which are often a natural occurrence led him into a bona fide match with Dick Powers, who was then considered the cleverest boxer and recognized champion of the locality. The affair was arranged in private, as notoriety was not desired. They fought right off the reel for 1 hour and 55 minutes and Gerraty was declared the winner. After that the subject of our sketch took a tour of the different large cities from Maine to California. On his return he settled in Hallowell, Maine. He married one of the handsomest and finely cultured ladies of Hallowell. He is now a large property owner, lives elegantly, and has the respect and friendship of his fellow-citizens. He is the owner and breeder of the best variety of game fowl and dogs to be found in the State of Maine. He represents his aldermanic district in the Common Council faithfully, and for years had up opposition, when a candidate, worthy of note. He takes an interest in all worthy sport, and reputable sporting men coming with a letter of introduction are sure to be received and entertained like princes. It was Alderman Gerraty who first took an interest in Mike Daily of Bangor, and being desirous of seeing the State of Maine stand well in sporting matters, is willing to back him against any man of his class, and there will be no haggling over money matters where he is concerned. In a radius of 20 miles, including the cities of Hallowell, Augusta, Gardiner and Pittston, he is a recognized authority on all sporting events. The POLICE GAZETTE and all sporting periodicals are on file in his parlors.

CATARH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.



COWARDLY COLLEGE TOUGHS.

BRUTAL HAZING WHICH DISGRACES MANY HIGH-TONED STUDENTS AND SCHOOLS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.



"FOR MEMBERS ONLY."

A LOT OF BOY BURGLARS FIT UP AND RUN A SNUG LITTLE CLUB OF THEIR OWN IN BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.



KILLED BY SODA WATER.

LOUIS SORROCCO, AN ITALIAN, IS INSTANTLY KILLED AT PITTSBURG, PA., BY THE EXPLOSION OF A SODA FOUNTAIN.



HIS PAPA WAS REAL MAD.

PRETTY EFFIE ELLIS MAKES A MASH OF YOUNG MR. COX AT SPRINGFIELD, MO., AND IS THREATENED WITH DEATH BY HIS FATHER.



SHE LAID IT ON TOO THICK.

MRS. EDWARDS THRASHES MR. BELLINGER, HER HUSBAND'S POKER-PLAYING CHUM, AND THEN BEGS FORGIVENESS, AT WALTERBORO, S. C.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions
on Matters of Sport-
ing Interest.

I learn that Kilrain is being treated right royally in England. His gentlemanly deportment and his lack of big head and self-conceit has gained him a host of friends. On Oct. 8 he dined with the Marquis of Queensberry, whose forefather formulated the prize ring rules. The London papers comment favorably on his appearance in St. James Hall. They are much inclined to think, however, that he will make as great a battle with Smith as Sayers did with Heenan.

The spirit of the English sporting press is greatly in favor of Jake Kilrain, the American champion, since he made such a grand display at his reception at St. James' Hall, London, England, on Oct. 6.

The offer of Richard K. Fox some time ago to give a diamond whip to the jockey winning the most mounts has created quite a stir in sporting circles and all racing headquarters in the various cities. It is well known that the "Police Gazette" whip will be the emblem of the jockey championship, and both McLaughlin and Garrison have been leaving no stone unturned to try and win the trophy.

Garrison, of course, is handicapped in the race for the "Police Gazette" diamond whip, because McLaughlin has the Dwyers behind him, and they secure him every possible mount, while Garrison has not that opportunity, although Wm. McMahon, his father-in-law and partner, is doing all he can to assist in securing mounts for Garrison.

On Oct. 19, the rival jockeys met on two of the best horses in the country. McLaughlin had the mount on Hanover, while Garrison rode Firenze. It was a grand race, but at the finish the American Archer's skill and dexterity told the tale, and he succeeded in outdaring McLaughlin and winning amid the cheers of 4,000 spectators.

At the time the "Police Gazette" went to press, Garrison was ahead of McLaughlin in winning mounts, and betting was \$100 to \$75 that Garrison would win the "Police Gazette" diamond whip.

In regard to the diamond whip, the "Daily News," on Oct. 19, published the following: "Garrison and McLaughlin each rode a winner at the American Jockey Club races yesterday. 'It is nip and tuck between Jimmy and the Snapper,' said a sporting man at Jerome Park yesterday; 'but I would like to bet \$100 even that Garrison will win the "Police Gazette" diamond whip that Richard K. Fox is offering.'"

I see that Sam Blakelock, the 124-pound champion of England, who came over to this country to fight Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, sailed for England on Oct. 15. It is a wonder that Blakelock, after he came such a long journey, did not try and arrange a match with some other light-weight. There is not the least doubt but that he would have been accommodated with a match if he had posted a forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE and issued a challenge to fight any man in America at 124 pounds, for \$1,000 or \$2,000 a side. It is understood that Blakelock will return in the spring and try and arrange a match with some of the 124-pound boxers.

I understand that the sporting men of Indianapolis intend to give Patsy Cardiff a big testimonial in Minneapolis, and on that occasion Cardiff will agree to box any man in America.

Cardiff's continued offers to fight John L. Sullivan, and the willingness of Minneapolis sporting men to back him, speaks well for the big heavy-weight, and Sullivan's refusal to engage in a match with the Peoria Giant, places Cardiff on the upper stages of the pugilistic ladder as the next best man in America to Kilrain.

No matter whether the followers and supporters are riled at Patsy Cardiff's bold offer to meet their once champion, they must admit that Cardiff fought Sullivan a desperate contest, and if the number of rounds had not been limited when the match was ratified, and the contest had been to a finish, or according to "Police Gazette" rules, Cardiff would have won.

Sullivan broke his arm during the battle, but it was no accident, but through Cardiff's ducking at the right time, preferring to stop the Boston boxer's tremendous blow with the top of his head, a trick which won the battle for Dick Hollywood when he fought Johnny Keating near Cincinnati, for \$2,000 and the feather-weight championship, in 1867, and which Tim Collins fought when he fought Billy Edwards for \$2,000 and the championship of light-weights at East New York in 1870.

Consequently, the draw fight between Sullivan and Cardiff, if it may be termed such, was equivalent to a victory for the Western boxer, who placed Sullivan hors de combat, and unable to continue the contest.

By the way, I had a call from James Keenan, of Boston, recently. Keenan believes Kilrain will stand a first-class chance of winning the championship of the world and retaining the "Police Gazette" diamond belt if he is properly handled. Keenan said Kilrain was formerly an iron pipe maker, and that before he put on a boxing glove he took a fancy to him.

"At the time I kept in Kneeland street, Boston," said Keenan, "Dominick McCaffrey came to Boston looking for a boxing match, and the Crib Club offered a purse of \$125 for McCaffrey and Kilrain to box for. McCaffrey's backer or manager would not fight for \$125, and Kilrain appeared to be disappointed, as he was certain he could win the fight."

"McCaffrey's manager came into my place and told Kilrain that McCaffrey had too big a reputation to fight for a \$125 purse, and that settled the business. After they left I gave Kilrain \$1,000 and told him to tell McCaffrey that he would fight him for any part or all that sum."

"Later on McCaffrey and his backer came back, and McCaffrey said: 'We are going back to New York, for there is no money in fighting for the Crib Club purse.'"

"Kilrain said, 'I am willing to fight for it, and that \$125 was worth winning when there was no risk.'"

"I want McCaffrey to fight for big money," replied McCaffrey's manager; "it is no good."

"All right," said Kilrain. "I want to fight for big money. I think I can whip McCaffrey. Now, I will fight you right off for \$1,000 or any part of it," producing \$1,000.

"Kilrain was in earnest, and McCaffrey and his backer did not put up, but left on the first train for New York."

Keenan said it was possible that he would go over to see Kilrain fight, for he always liked Jake; he was always in earnest, and appreciated anything that was done for him.

I have read the following in nearly a dozen newspapers: Advice from England state that a syndicate has been formed in London to bet from £10,000 to £20,000 on the result of the great international prize-fight between Jim Smith and Jake Kilrain and that bookmakers in this city will have the commission to invest their money on Smith.

I don't believe there is a word of truth in the above. Why, \$20,000 is a large sum of money to wager on a prize-fight, and even if that amount of money was sent to this country it is very doubtful if it would be covered, as the battle is not being decided in this country.

It should make those well posted in prize-ring statistics and chronology smile to read the effusions of many of the new amateur sporting writers in reference to the Kilrain and

Smith prize-fight, and previous international fistie encounters. A Western exchange says: "Sayers would have defeated Heenan only the gallant gladiator broke his arm early in the battle."

I have read all the authorities of 1860, including the leading writers who were present at the historic battle at Farnborough, but I never yet learned at what stage of the battle Sayers' arm was broken, or even the name of the surgeon that set the English champion's broken arm. The reason, because Sayers did not break his arm, and no surgeon's services were required.

In a New York paper I was surprised to read that "John C. Heenan and Tom King fought for the championship of the world and \$10,000," the largest stake ever fought for in the prize-ring. I think the writer was either a bad guesser or prize-ring chronology was not one of his studies when he learned newspaper reporting on the Cincinnati Enquirer, or else he is not posted on prize-ring matters.

It is true that Heenan and King did fight for \$5,000 a side, which would be \$10,000, but they did not fight for the championship of the world. King was champion when he agreed to fight John C. Heenan, for he had just won the championship by conquering Jem Mace in 21 rounds, lasting 38 minutes, but he resigned the champion belt to the editor of Bell's Life.

Again, the articles of agreement between Heenan and King, which were signed on March 17, 1863, do not state that the match was for the championship, so what better proof is needed.

In the New York "Daily News," of Oct. 19, I find the sporting editor of that paper corrects the amateur sporting writer of the New York paper, as will be seen by the following paragraph:

"Ten thousand dollars is a big stake to contend for in the prize ring. With two exceptions, such a large amount has seldom been ventured on a pugilistic encounter. Hyer and Sullivan, in 1869, fought for \$10,000, but that was a match of unusual importance. Upward of \$100,000 changed hands in outside bets on the result. John C. Heenan and Tom King fought for \$10,000 in 1863 at Washburn, Eng.; but it was not a championship encounter, and then Heenan was not backed from America but by Englishmen."

Judging by the way Jack Dempsey pummeled Ed. Reese of Jersey City, at the Casino, Hoboken, Oct. 11, he must be getting into pretty good condition for his fight with Johnny Reagan for \$2,000 and the middle-weight championship, which is to be settled in December.

Now they say Kilrain's name is Killion. What next will they say about Sullivan's successor to the championship?

Jimmy Carney and Jack McAuliffe are now matched in earnest, and the mill will, no doubt, take place, providing both men agree to enter the prize ring.

In regard to the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup, which represents the single scull championship of the world, an exchange says: "James Keenan of Boston and Pete Duryea, the backers of John Teemer, called on Richard K. Fox on Oct. 18 in reference to the "Police Gazette" international single scull champion rowing cup. It is probable that in the near future Teemer will have the trophy in his possession. Messrs. Keenan and Duryea think Teemer is the fastest oarsman in the world."

The trophy referred to is the most valuable ever offered for competition, and both Keenan and Duryea are eager that Teemer shall win the trophy and defend it against all comers. The Sportsman champion challenge cup is a bauble compared with the Richard K. Fox prize.

Judging from the tone of the Australian press, the Beach and Hanlan race is not creating very much excitement, and Beach, it is said, is booked for a sure winner.

Many sporting men believe that Beach will win. I do not share the same opinion, and I think that Hanlan will defeat the champion of the world when they meet; that is, if Hanlan is rowing in his form. Beach is climbing in age; he is past his prime, and it cannot be expected that a man can always be a champion.

Look at Sullivan, the late champion boxer, for instance. Two years ago he was able to knock any man who faced him through the ring of ropes or senseless. Now he has not the backbone to meet Pat Killen, who is only about fourth-class in the championship line of boxers, while Sullivan has dropped from first position to third grade by refusing to meet Jake Kilrain, the champion.

Beach may be able to give Hanlan a hard race, but if "Toronto" only rows as fast as he rowed against Teemer all the way he will bring back the championship of the world, and I wish he would, for it would give rowing a big boom and bring about a series of races for the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup during next season.

Jack Hall, the Australian light-weight, is in San Francisco, and claims to want a match with any 125-pound man in America.

Frank Glover and John P. Clow fight 15 rounds at Chicago on Nov. 1, for 75 and 25 per cent. of the gate.

Frank White is training at Tom Kearns' road-house for his glove contest with Billy Dacey at Warren Lewis' Casino, in Hoboken. There is no love lost between the men, and the bout will be a lively one.

Before the present month runs out Eugene Hornbaker and Jim Burke will settle their glove fight. The pair belong to the midigit class, and must weigh inside of 115 pounds.

Peter Duryea says that he will bet \$1,000 to \$500 that Chas. E. Courtney is not dishonest at rowing. "All that is the matter with Courtney," says Duryea, "is that he cannot row fast enough to keep himself warm, but people are foolish enough to think that when he is beaten that he did not try."

There is probably more truth than fiction in Duryea's statement. It is true that he defeated George Buebar, but that was owing to the outrigger of the latter's boat breaking, and afterwards Buebar easily rowed clean away from Courtney. It is understood that Messrs. Keenan and Duryea intend to match John Teemer to row George Buebar, the champion of England, for the Sportsman champion challenge cup, and they have cabled a challenge to England which if accepted will be the consummation of an international single scull race for the championship of the world. If such a contest is arranged, and there is every probability it will be, there will be quite a breeze among the patrons of rowing and those who follow aquatic sports on both sides of the Atlantic.

At Exeter, Mass., on Oct. 12, the annual football game between the Harvard University and Exeter schools was played, and resulted in a victory for Harvard, the score being 68 to 0. The touch downs were made as follows: Harding, 5; Holden, 4; Porter, Wood and Sears Saxe kicked 7 goals out of 13, and Exeter was forced to make a safety touchdown.

On Oct. 12, at Philadelphia, Jack Mitchell and Tom Mack, two feather-weights, fought with two-ounce gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for a \$500 purse. Mack, who is a New York lad, had the best of the fighting after the third round and knocked out Mitchell in the twelfth round. Sam Howard was referee.

Jack Gibbons and Bill Kestler fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, at a well-known resort up the Hudson on Oct. 12. It was a slashing mill and Gibbons won in the eighteenth round, knocking his opponent out. The fight lasted 1 hour and 11 minutes. Gibbons, the winner, is 5 feet 8½ inches tall, twenty-six years of age, a blacksmith by trade, and weighed 172 pounds. Kestler is twenty-seven years old, 5 feet 11½ inches tall, and 185 pounds in weight. He is a puddler in a Jersey iron mill. Fred Painter was referee. Both men were strong as bulls, and showed huge bunches of muscle and well-developed limbs.

LATEST SPORTING.

Al Smith has received a present of an elegant gold chain from a friend in Paris.

At Carlisle, Pa., on Oct. 12, the football season was opened between the Dickinson and the Lafayette college teams. The score stood 12 to 0 in favor of Lafayette.

At Reading, Penn., on Oct. 12, Frank Rothermel, of Fleetwood, Berks county, and W. F. Sitzer, of Schuylkill Haven, played a quail match for \$200 a side, in which Rothermel won.

Prof. Johnny Graham, late athletic instructor at Harvard, will not accept the position of foot-ball trainer at Dartmouth College, but will train Carney for his fight with McAuliffe.

John P. Clow writes that Campbell, of Cincinnati, agreed to allow him \$75 for expenses to come from Chicago to Cincinnati to fight Pete Nolan, and after he filled his contract refused to pay the money.

D. E. Fletcher, the all-round champion athlete of the West, is stopping at Fremont, Neb. Fletcher writes that he will compete against Duncan C. Ross or any man in America in a series of the best of nine all-round athletic contests.

Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion, and Eddy Reiss, the slasher, of the Scottish-American club, of New Jersey, fought at the Casino, Hoboken, N. J. Reiss is a burly, muscular boxer, but Dempsey out-fought him and was declared the winner.

At Newmarket, London, on Oct. 12, the race for the Middle Park Plate was won by Sir F. Johnstone's chestnut colt Friar's Balsam. Lord Londonderry's chestnut colt Hasle-hutch was second, and Lord Cathorpe's chestnut filly Sea Breeze third. Five started.

On Oct. 12, at Helena, Montana, there was an important one hundred yard foot-race between Fred Stone, of Philadelphia, and Billy Baker, an Australian sprinter, for \$500. Stone won, beating his opponent ten yards. The time was nine and a half seconds. Over \$10,000 changed hands.

Garrison rode three winners and a second horse at the American Jockey club races on Oct. 13; but this feat was nothing in comparison to his beating Hanover with McLaughlin up, with J. B. Haggin's Firenze, after a driving finish. It is difficult for the Snapper to outsize the champion jockey, but when he out-generals both the jockey and the champion horse, it is wonderful.

At Pontiac, Mich., on Oct. 11, a 75-yard foot race was run between Davis, an Indian sprinter, and Jack Gibson, an English runner. About \$15,000 was bet on the race, which was a put up job and very successfully worked by a few Michigan sports. Gibson was an easy winner, and was knocked senseless by one of the victims before he could get into his carriage. Gibson had agreed to lose the race.

Football is becoming all the rage, and the season has opened at New Brunswick, N. J., on Oct. 12. The Princeton University team defeated the Rutgers team in a game of football by a score of 30 to 0. The Princeton players showed their superior strength and training. The Rutgers team, which is by far the best college has ever had, played a fine defensive game and showed great skill in tackling.

The fanciers of game fowls have commenced the season early, for on Oct. 12 there was a cocking mail on the Newark Bay shore in Bayonne, N. J., for \$250 a side, between birds owned in East Newark and Bayonne. The Bayonne men entered a set of black reds and duck wings against Newark black reds, the weight not to exceed 4 pounds 6 ounces. Seven hard battles were fought. Newark captured four battles and won the main.

The Columbia College Athletic Association of this city, on October 12, elected the following officers: D. Le Roy Dresser, '88, School of Mines, president; H. Y. Smith, School of Medicine, secretary and treasurer; H. H. Banks, '88, School of Arts, captain; J. J. Mapes, '88; H. Parsons, '88; H. M. Banks, '88; D. L. R. Dresser, '89; H. Mapes, '90; J. M. Hewlet, '90; H. Y. Smith, School of Medicine, and Guy Richards, School of Law, board of directors. The directors at large are Sydney Harris, Douglass Ewell, C. H. Mapes, S. Maguire and E. Klapp.

At the Casino, Hoboken, N. J., on Oct. 12, there was a slashing glove fight between Jack Fallon, the Brooklyn giant, and Billy H. Gilford, of Jersey City, which was a hard battle for three rounds. When time was called for the fourth Fallon sent in some terrific body blows, knocking Gilford down three times during the round. To the surprise of the spectators Gilford pulled off the gloves and refused to go on. Fallon was declared the victor amid deafening applause. Many good judges of boxing were present, and they pronounced Fallon a match for many of the heavy-weights. Fallon is a pupil of Prof. Mike Donovan.

On Oct. 12 James Keenan, the leading sporting man of New England and boniface, of 95 Portland St. Boston, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office with Peter Duryea, the well-known sporting man and backer of champion oarsmen. Messrs. Keenan and Duryea are now behind John Teemer, of McKeesport, Pa., America's champion single scull oarsman who recently gained the premiership at single scull rowing by conquering Edward Hanlan. Teemer has a champion team behind him and he should continue to hold the pride of place in the aquatic hemisphere with such backers as Keenan and Duryea behind him with plenty of funds to back him. Teemer has displayed great form, and when in condition he is a race horse in a shell, and those who witnessed him defeat Hanlan on Toronto Bay will say so.

John L. Sullivan said, recently, as to the challenge of Pat Killen: "I shall pay just as much attention to Pat Killen as if he wasn't on the face of the earth. If Killen wanted a fight he had a good chance to get a battle with me a few weeks ago. He and Cardiff made so much talk that, about six weeks ago, I sent letters went to see if they could find money to put up, but neither man seemed to have any friends who wanted to risk money on them. Any man is willing to stand up before me and take a bloody good thrashing if he can get his percentage of the proceeds, because he knows my name is enough to guarantee him \$2,000 or \$4,000. I am going to Europe to make money, and I probably shan't be back for a year, but when I do return, I shall have time to take some of the conceit out of these fellows. No gate receipt fights for me, though."

After disputes, wrangles, challenges, counter-challenges and swindling fracas, once more Jimmy Carney and Jack McAuliffe have agreed to meet in the roped arena and battle for the light-weight championship. On Oct. 11 the rival champions met in Boston and ratified a match, the conditions of which the million readers of the POLICE GAZETTE will find in the following protocol:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this eleventh day of October, 1887, between James Carney and Jack McAuliffe, to fight a finish with skin gloves, Marquis of Queensberry rules to govern, on Monday, Nov. 21, 1887, for the \$4,500 now posted. Each man shall be allowed ten men on a side, and each side shall be allowed two seconds and to bring two outside men, newspaper men included. Either side bringing more than the stipulated number of persons, to wit, fourteen, exclusive of the principal, shall be adjudged to have forfeited. The fight shall occur within 300 miles of Boston. The whole stake money of \$4,500 shall be placed by the present temporary stakeholder before Oct. 20, in the hands of the final stakeholder, now mutually agreed upon, and it is mutually agreed that there shall be no resort to law, providing that the stake money is paid in accordance with the decision of the referee already chosen. Each man shall be restricted to 133 pounds, to weight at noon, in the presence of the referee, at such place as he may designate; the men to fight eight hours after weighing. Either man coming over weight shall forfeit. The referee's decision shall be final in all cases, and in the event of magisterial or other interference the decision shall rest with him when and where to order the men to resume fighting. Either party failing to observe the above agreement shall forfeit all money deposited. The stakeholder shall find the place of battle and have full charge of directing and conveying each party thereto. In case of any failure to fight at the time appointed the men shall weigh in the presence of the referee eight hours previous to entering the ring, and shall not exceed 133 pounds each. The whole stake money now posted shall be won or lost by a battle, unless it is mutually agreed to the contrary.

Now the match has been ratified, we trust that there will not be another disgraceful fiasco, and that there will be no more swindling, and that neither Carney or McAuliffe will again be cheated out of their rights by an incompetent manager, who acted like Judas Iscariot, and displayed more assurance and duplicity in the matter than was ever known in prize ring history.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES, which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be SQUARELY FOUGHT to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to

RICHARD K. FOX,

"Police Gazette" Publishing House,
Franklin Square, New York.

N. B.—Correspondents will please put their address to their communications.

M. S., Boston.—No.
D. S., Bath, Me.—No.
C. C., Fall River.—Yes.
H. F., Rochester, N. Y.—Sixes.
J. J., Columbus, O.—Neither wins.
B. C., Worcester, Mass.—2:10½ in height.
W. E. R., Wahpton, Dakota.—Have written.
A. B. C., Woburn, Mass.—It was so reported.
J. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—Jake Kilrain is the champion.
H. C., Gilman, Iowa.—Prof. Webster was hung Aug. 30, 1860.
T. Y., Tremont.—Five sizes cannot be beaten in poker dice.
T. C., Brooklyn.—Chas. Mitchell is 5 feet 8½ inches in height.
J. P., San Francisco, Cal.—1. Yes. 2. The book is out of print.
S. W., Hatton, Mich.—1. Goldsmith Maid was a trotter. 2. No.

M. J., Paterson, N. J.—Kilrain was never beaten in the prize ring.

N. O., Boston, Mass.—Alf Greenfield and Tug Wilson did fight a draw.

S. W., Baltimore, Md.—Joe Wormald died in Canada on May 26, 1871.

T. A. E., Fremont, Nebraska.—Thanks for items. Send a photo of Fletcher.

X. Y., Bay City, Mich.—Bob Brettie was defeated by Tom Sayers Sept. 20, 1886.

H. Z. W., Indianapolis, Ind.—Send Soc. and we will forward you our book of rules.

F. G., Brownsville, Texas.—1. The Derby has been run annually since 1780. 2. No.

SPOET, Gilman, Iowa.—1. Billy Madden did work for Tom Allen in 1872. 2. B wins.

F. K., Utica, N. Y.—Country McCloskey stood 6 feet in height and weighed 180 pounds.

W. W., Fairmount, W. Va.—Tom King was credited with striking the hardest blow.

G. A., Salt Lake City.—Certainly, A has an equal chance, and if he beats B and C he wins.

M. A., Rochester, N. Y.—You are correct. Heenan and Tom Sayers only fought once.

P. M., Dayton, Ohio.—1. Cannon has beaten Lewis, and Lewis has beaten Cannon. 2. A wins.

J. C. D., Johnston, Pa.—Arthur Chambers was born at Salford, Eng., and raised in Birmingham.

K. A., Shirley Mills, Me.—Joe Goss and Jem Mace sparred the first time in New York in 1874.

S. C., Kansas City.—If A and B mutually selected a referee, then they must abide by his decision.

T. B., Cleveland, Ohio.—Edwin Bibby and Thomas Connors wrestled for \$1,000 held by Richard K. Fox.

S., Detroit, Wheeling, Va.—1. Yes. 2. Neil Searles, of Sing Sing, N. Y., the ex-champion jumper, is dead.

J. W., San Francisco, Cal.—He followed the usual pursuits of a sporting man, and also held a political position.

G. S., Fort Saunders.—1. John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan met on the 7th of February, 1882. 2. Nine rounds in 11 minutes.

H. H., Portland, Me.—No matter where the child is born, the parents being American citizens, he is eligible for the presidency.

W. H., State St. Cleveland, Ohio.—John C. Heenan did not break his arm in either his battle with John Morrissey or Tom Sayers.

S. J., Bordentown, N. J.—No champion belt was ever offered for any pugilists to contend for before Richard K. Fox put up the trophies.

H. A., Hoesick Falls, N. Y.—Hard gloves were used when John L. Sullivan knocked Elliott out at Washington Park, N. Y., on July 4, 1882.

J. McE., N. Y. City.—1. Send 50c. for "The Sporting Man's Companion" to this office; it contains all such records. 2. The time was capital.

L. K., Wellsville, N. Y.—1. Horace W. Tabor, the mining millionaire and ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Colorado in 1866, was a stonemason at Augusta, Me., in 1854.

J. S., Holyoke, Mass.—1. No. 2. A wins. 3. Mike McDonald, of Chicago, Ill., never gave bonds for Paddy Ryan after the latter defeated Joe Goss in West Virginia.

O. P., Ogden City, Utah.—1. Capt. M. Webb swam across the English channel from Dover pier to Calais, France. 2. He accomplished the feat on Aug. 24 and 25, 1875.

D. B., Kansas City.—1. Yes. 2. Hanlan did defeat Wm. Elliott, of Peckwood, Eng., in a race for \$200 (\$1,000) a side and the second champion of England challenge cup, on June 16, 1879.

V. M., Honesdale, Pa.—1. Feather-weight up to and including 112 pounds; light-weight 113 to and including 133 pounds; middle-weight 134 to and including 154 pounds; heavy-weight 155 and upwards.

J. G. M., U. S. Land Office, Chadran, Neb.—Sullivan and Ryan did not fight for \$10,000. The stakes were \$2,500 a side and \$1,000 extra given by Richard K. Fox to Ryan to bet in the ring. Sullivan and Ryan never fought in Kansas, but at Mississippi City.

W. J. S., Boston.—1. No. 2. Jem Goode. 3. Bill Goode was born in the east end of London, and is twenty-three years of age. He stands barely 5 feet 7 inches in height, and brought down the beam at 10 stone 12 pounds, or 152 pounds. He first came into notice as a boxer in a competition for a silver cup at the Old Mile End Gate tavern, Whitechapel road, on January 19, 1883, on which occasion he was the runner-up to Owen Hannen. His next battle was with Dick Roberts, who at the time was considered an accomplished boxer, and it will be recollected he was the runner-up to Charlie Mitchell (the winner) in Madden's championship competition. This contest was with ordinary gloves, under Queensberry rules, for endurance, and was fixed to take place at the East End on November 19, 1884, but after fighting nine rounds in 33 minutes 22 seconds, during which time Goode was supposed to have the advantage, the gas was put out, and a fresh place had to be selected. The men met again a week later, when after a game and determined contest, lasting nearly 1 hour 23 minutes, Roberts had to strike his colors. After this Goode was matched to fight Pat Perry of Birmingham with the "raw" una, for £50, and the mill came off on Saturday, Feb. 2, 1884, when, after fighting 33 rounds in 65 minutes, Goode was again victorious. This performance still further enhanced him in the eyes of his backers, who subsequently offered to match him to box any body in the world, barring neither country nor color, at ten stone, for £500 a side; and it was not until the late John Barry of Marylebone, who died in April, 1885, and who had fought one of the most game and determined battles on record with Jem Hayes, at Six Mile Bottom, Newmarket, came to the front, that a customer could be found for him. After a little beating about the bush articles were signed for Goode and Barry to fight for £50 a side at 142 pounds. This ended in a fiasco, as, after fighting a couple of rounds near Cheshnut, on January 1, 1885, the police made their appearance, and put a stop to the mill by capturing Goode and several others, some of whom received a short term of imprisonment, and as Goode was bound over to keep the peace, the men ultimately drew the stake money. Bill now laid idle till the 7th of May, 1885, when he met Jim Kendrick in a glove fight at the Lambeth School of Arms, this also ending unsatisfactorily, as, after the men had been fighting twenty rounds, lasting 1 hour 18 minutes, the police made their appearance and put a stop to the proceedings, the men ultimately drawing the money down. In August, 1887, he beat Tom Lees of Australia, at London, in 15 rounds, for \$500.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Battles of a Week.

Ed McDonald's pupil, Jack Bates, was here a few days and returned West owing to illness in his family. He will return in a few weeks and be prepared to meet any 150-pound pugilist hereabouts. Bates is a wonder.

Jimmy Carney with Nobby Clarke called at the Police Gazette office on Oct. 18. Carney was disgusted with the way he had been treated in reference to his match with McAuliffe, the American light-weight champion. Later McAuliffe with his backer, Jimmy Colville, the well-known sporting man of Boston, called at the Police Gazette office with Frank Stevenson, the well-known referee of the P. R. Judging from McAuliffe and his backer's remarks, we think the Carney and McAuliffe battle is now a certainty.

A special cable was received recently at the "Police Gazette" office:

LONDON, October 17.

Jake Kilrain, the American champion, and Charley Mitchell are attracting large crowds. Kilrain is making hosts of friends and gaining many supporters who will accept the odds offered by the admirers of the British champion. Charley Mitchell has posted a forfeit and issued a challenge to fight John L. Sullivan according to London prize ring rules, for \$500 a side. Should, however, Sullivan not accept Mitchell's challenge, anybody else can have a match, but not for less than \$500 a side.

Alf Nichols, the well-known amateur heavy-weight boxer, called at the Police Gazette office on Oct. 17, and left the following note for the many boxers who are looking for matches to crack:

NEW YORK, Oct. 17, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor:

Sir—Having retired from the amateur boxing division, I have decided to enter the professional arena, and I am ready to fight any man in America, barring Jake Kilrain or John Sullivan, according to "Police Gazette" or prize ring rules, for \$500 a side and upwards, six or eight weeks from signing articles. If any of the many amateur or professional boxers desire to arrange a match they must notify me through the Police Gazette office.

ALF NICHOLS.

Alf Nichols was born on April 30, 1864, in Sheffield, England, and is a bricklayer by trade and was brought up in Manchester. He came to this country in 1883, stands 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighs 160 pounds. He is a stout, muscular specimen of humanity and possesses wonderful strength and science. He has figured in numerous boxing encounters with great success. Alf Nichols won the heavy-weight championship competition of Pennsylvania. He won the heavy-weight competition given in this city by Billy Madden. He fought Pat Cleary at Nanticoke and would have won only for police interference.

On Oct. 5 Jake Kilrain, the American champion, was entertained by the Marquis of Queensberry. In regard to the affair the *Sporting Life*, London, Oct. 4, says: "Yesterday (Wednesday) Jake Kilrain (matched to fight Jim Smith for the Championship of the World and the 'Police Gazette' Diamond Belt), Charley Mitchell (English boxing champion), and Pony Moore, of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, were entertained at dinner by the Marquis of Queensberry. The chief topic of conversation as may be imagined, was the forthcoming International prize fight, and the noble marquis related many pleasant and amusing anecdotes of the celebrities that had passed under his notice in connection with the events of the English prize ring. Mitchell said he was willing to fight Sullivan for \$500 a side, under the new London rules with the knuckles, or with ordinary skin gloves to a finish under the usual Queensberry conditions. Failing making a match with Sullivan, the challenge was open to the first man accepting it and posting \$200. Mr. Pony Moore proposed the Marquis of Queensberry's health in eulogistic terms, and the Marquis, after a suitable reply, said, in reference to the forthcoming battle, that he hoped it would be conducted in a thoroughly straightforward manner, and that the best man would win. He had pleasure in drinking Kilrain's health, and as a lover and supporter of boxing, of welcoming him to England, and wishing him success. He would express the same feelings towards Smith. The question of superiority, he hoped, would be fairly settled, and the victor and vanquished shake hands at the close, as befitting the chosen representatives of the two great kindred nations."

On Oct. 7 Jim Smith, the British champion, was entertained by the Marquis of Queensberry. Regarding the ho. or conferred on the champion of England, the *Sporting Life*, London, Oct. 8, says: "The English champion, Jim Smith, Mr. J. Fleming, his manager, and Jim Howe had the honor of dining with the Marquis of Queensberry yesterday (Friday) afternoon. Following a most enjoyable repast, served up in *recherché* style, the cloth was cleared, and, under the influence of the fragrant weed, conversation turned upon the forthcoming International fight. The Marquis said he should like to see the men good friends before and after the battle. He had found Kilrain to be a quiet, unassuming man, indeed, much after the style of Smith. In the course of his remarks he further stated that he hoped with all his heart that Smith would win the fight. Smith, in his customary genial style, then said that he had no ill feeling towards Kilrain. Of course, he would do his best to win, and all he wanted was a fair fight. Win or lose, he should not retain the slightest feeling of ill will towards Kilrain. Again, he would readily consent to any arrangement that might be made in order to bring off the fight in a quiet and sportsmanlike manner. The Marquis said he was pleased to hear Smith express such manly sentiments. He believed Kilrain meant fighting. Mr. Fleming, in a few chosen words, proposed the Marquis's health. It was, he said, one of the greatest honors that could possibly be conferred upon any boxer to be the guest of the Marquis of Queensberry, who had done so much for boxers and boxing. Jim Howe also had his little say. It was, he remarked, one of the proudest moments of his life to be entertained by such a noble and esteemed sportsman as the Marquis of Queensberry. The coffee was then passed round, and a general chat indulged in relative to old times and old-time fighters. Before leaving the Marquis cordially shook hands with the champion and his friends, who departed well gratified with the cordial manner in which they had been entertained. Before leaving the Marquis said, 'If I am alive and well, nothing will prevent me from attending the fight.'"

The American public (and when we use the word "public" we mean all grades and shades of humanity—all classes who are able to decide upon any question, event or topic that should come within their scope) should feel proud that Kilrain, the American champion who holds the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, is not an uneducated, uncultured specimen of the general run of prize ring champions, but an intelligent representative of the athletic division, who is able to speak sensibly and fluently, and stand the ordeal of passing through the crucible of public opinion. He is modest in his demeanor, is not a boaster, nor does he make statements that he has no idea of fulfilling. He is not an habitual drunkard, nor penurious, does not strut like a full-plumed peacock because he is the champion of America and holds the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, and his friendly, easy, sociable manner has gained him a host of friends. Muscle and brains are a combination which few champions ever possessed in a plentiful shape, but Kilrain can boast of this combination, which has already gained him a host of friends and admirers in England. This is what the *Sporting Life*, London, says about the great international match and the American champion's arrival:

Our many readers who are so well versed in the doings of the pugilistic ring, and who keep themselves fully conversant with the march of events in that arena, are doubtless aware of the approaching great international event between our English champion, Jim Smith, and Jake Kilrain, the American pugilist of renown, which is arranged to take place at no distant date on Spanish territory under the London rules. The match is to decide who is to wear the "Police Gazette" diamond championship belt, the *se plus ultra* of pu-

gillistic honors, and there is no reason to doubt the deposits on each side having been put down; but that the fancy and their numerous admirers will have a treat the equal of which has not been witnessed since the great milling match between Tom Sayers and Jack Heenan. "The Benicia Boy," attracted the attention of all classes upon both sides of the Atlantic. Jake Kilrain, though he has fought some undecideds, has as yet never known defeat, and the backers of Jim Smith have their confidence fortified by the fact that if he has not always been the victor he has never permitted his antagonist to carry off the palm. Anticipations as to the result of the fight at this early period would be premature, and would obviously be based upon insufficient evidence of the capabilities of these "mighty opposites." All true lovers of the ring can hope for it that there will be a fair field and no favor, that the best man will win, and that the mill will be decided one way or the other. The betting will be heavy no doubt, and at present the odds are in favor of our English champion. The absorbing topic in Queenstown last night was the coming of the doughty Yankee and the steamship bringing him hither, the arrival of which was watched for with vigilance along the west coast up to midnight. The press representatives retired to their respective domiciles, where they enjoyed peaceful slumber for five hours before being disturbed at 5:30 A. M. They were all on board the tender Jackal shortly after, and that vessel quickly sped out of the harbor, and as we neared the ocean liner Auranla the fifty yards strip of white canvas, bearing the following inscription in large black letters, "Volunteer won," was displayed on two staffs held by the editor of *Sport* and the *Sporting Life* correspondent in a prominent position on the tender Jackal, but all the passengers save Kilrain were Britishers, and they received the "quick despatch" with such disappointment that silence reigned supreme. On gaining the deck of the transatlantic liner your interviewer was courteously conducted into the presence of the famous pugilist, where I discovered the editor of *Sport* presenting to him the following telegram, dated, London, Saturday, 9 P. M.:

"All welcome to Kilrain. Delighted to meet him here, and when the eventful day arrives may the best man win.—FLEMING, manager to Jim Smith, champion of England."

Kilrain, judging from appearances, looked fit as regards condition, health and muscular development as he paraded the saloon deck of the ocean steamer. As the time available was necessarily restricted, business was at once commenced, with the following result. It should be premised that candor, readiness and willingness of reply were marked characteristics of the visitor, and on his ascertaining the mission of the interviewer he displayed a welcome alacrity in placing the appended information at the disposal of the readers of the *Sporting Life*. Jake Kilrain, having first informed me that his passage across from Sandy Hook was a pleasant one, and that he never felt better in health and spirits, said: "As your time on board the Auranla is limited, I must tell you at once that I have reaped much benefit through my late exhibition boxing with Charley Mitchell, who is a most scientific boxer—the best I have ever met with regard to science. He is what I would term a pretty stiff gentleman sparrer. He received a great ovation at the Academy of Music, in New York, when boxing there with me on the 8th ult."

Correspondent—Were you not matched to meet Pete Nolan at Cincinnati last month with a 15-round limit?

Kilrain—Yes; it was limited to 15 rounds, although I wished it to be 20. Nolan is the big dog of the pugilistic puddle in Cincinnati, with a reputation derived only from his receiving the award of beating Jack Burke. Nolan has no other performance than this one to his credit, therefore I don't know what he has got to brag about. After my articles of agreement to fight Jim Smith were signed, I resolved at once to fight no man in the interim, but to go and train immediately to face the renowned English champion for international honors.

Correspondent—Do you expect to carry these honors back with you to the United States?

Kilrain—Well, I will make a big fight to do so. The American press says to pit me against Smith is sending out a new boat for her first race on the ocean, equipped with a green crew, and put to sail in strange waters against the craft of the Old World; but I don't mind those paragraphs. They are published for many reasons. If I did not think I could fight Smith I would not journey all the way across the Atlantic to do so, and if I were untired and unknown it would be difficult to find a Mr. Fox to back me. I am aware Jim Smith is the most formidable man living whom I could encounter, therefore if I should come off victorious in the approaching encounter I will feel satisfied that I am justly entitled to the proud title of Champion of the World.

Correspondent—It was stated in the New York papers that you acknowledged you could not stand up against Sullivan longer than ten rounds.

Kilrain: Why that's simply nonsense, I announced in the month of April last that I was ready to meet John L. Sullivan in a fair and manly contest to a finish, not according to the championship rules, but by the London rules, by which all great contests in the orthodox 24-foot ring have been decided since Tom Hyer the first American champion, flourished, and by which all the long line of American champions who succeeded Hyer, Sullivan, Morrissey, Heenan, and others fought; the same rules in fact which governed Sullivan's only regular contest for the championship, when he defeated Paddy Ryan. "John L." met my offer with a surly rebuff, and his then manager, Pat Sheedy, styled me "a coward," my cowardice being shown (he stated) in my challenging a champion for a title which I maintain at no time becomes the permanent personal property of any man. Mr. Richard K. Fox then most opportunely came forward to back me against Sullivan for \$5,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the heavy-weight championship of the world, to fight with small gloves, and according to the London rules, and to show that Mr. Fox meant business he deposited \$1,000, but there was no response from J. L. S., therefore I pay no attention to his ridiculous boast of fighting Jim Smith, England's champion, and myself, one after the other. "That's a little too much." Should Sullivan come to England at all, the object of his visit will be merely to see the International fight, and not to participate. He was afraid to fight me, and I know he would be afraid to encounter Smith, fearing defeat, and thus lose any reputation that he has got.

Correspondent—What's your present weight?

Kilrain—I weigh, I should say, about 210 pounds; I measure 41 inches round the chest, and am twenty-eight years of age.

When questioned as to the sort of work he believed in best when training, the champion said: "Good practice on the suspended football is the best thing I know of, and I don't see how anything could be better to use than a good-sized ball encased in leather, suspended by a stout cord. A solid hard-wood ceiling, not over 11 feet from the floor, affords capital training. The old-fashioned heavy bags are no good. A man can hit a bag when ever he has a mind to, but he can't hit a man whenever he wants to, and he needs something to make him quick, and a ball is just the thing. Dumbbells are also very useful; hit out with one ball and then with the other, just as hard and as fast as you can. I'll bet it will make you tired quick."

Correspondent—Well, now, tell me something about your career.

Kilrain—Every one knows that I was formerly a Boston man, but I am now a Baltimorean. In former years I went in for rowing, and came to the fore as a sculler in 1880, in which year I distinguished myself by winning the Junior sculling championship. Immediately after this victory I gave up taking any part in aquatic contests, and have devoted my time since then entirely to the ring.

Correspondent—Just before I go, please let me have some idea about your programme in England.

Kilrain—Well, all I can tell you about that is that immediately on my arrival in Liverpool, I will, in company with Charley Mitchell and "Pony" Moore, who are now on board the Auranla with me, journey by the London and Northwestern railway to London, and on Thursday night next I will appear at St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, and spar four rounds with Charley Mitchell according to Queensberry rules. Beyond that I cannot tell you what I will do, but there is one clause certain to be inserted in my programme and that is to train hard for January 3.

Before bidding final adieu to the American champion I was able to have a brief conversation with Charley Mitchell and ascertained that he returns to England as well in health as when he left the old land a few months back. Soon after I boarded the tender again, whilst the Auranla steamed up channel to Liverpool. During the voyage the Etruria, of the same line, passed them en route to New York, with Mr. Richard K. Fox, backer of the American champion, on board.

SPORTING NOTES.

Rumors and Realities of Athletic Amusements Fully Reported.

Jimmy Burke is being trained by Jimmy Conlan at the Kill von Kull House, Staten Island, for his battle with Hornbacher. He is doing well.

Jimmy Conlan is matched to wrestle Charles Rappenhagen's Unknown at Griffith Hall, Fort Richmond, Staten Island, Oct. 29 for \$50 a side and gate money.

James Degnan, the well-known sporting man and tyro, and famous when the Festives and Liberty Guard flourished in the Fourth ward, New York, is now stationed at the National Home, Togus, Me., and has charge of veteran Co. G, which numbers 170 men. Degnan is very popular in Augusta, Hollowell and Gardner, Me.

The following explains itself:

To the Sporting Editor:

Sir—I noticed in your issue of Oct. 6, 1887, that Mr. Shellenbarger would be pleased to hear from some of the many champions at collar-and-elbow wrestling. I wish to say to Mr. Shellenbarger that I would be pleased to have him deposit his money with the Police Gazette, and forward fair articles. I will allow said gentleman his expenses to Boston, or will meet him half way and wrestle in private. Match to be for one thousand dollars or upwards. If Mr. Shellenbarger means business he will have no trouble in making a match.

MIKE HERRIGAN, Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

A cable despatch in reference to the international prize fight between Jake Kilrain and Jim Smith says: "Betting has commenced in earnest, and already several large bets have been made on the result. Kilrain's quiet and unpretentious demeanor continues to gain him hosts of friends. He has found several supporters among the aristocracy, who will wager several hundred pounds on the American's chances of defeating Smith. Leading bookmakers are laying 5 to 4 on Smith and 3 to 1 against Kilrain. Prof. Donnelly, the most scientific boxer in England, and teacher of the nobility, pronounces Kilrain's boxing par excellence. He claims that Smith will find that it is just as difficult to climb Mont Blanc as to conquer the American champion. He announces that he will second Kilrain on the day of the battle, if Richard K. Fox, Kilrain's backer, approves of it."

We clip the following from the "Sporting Life," London, England, in regard to Kilrain's visit to the great English metropolis and the *Sporting Life* office:

Let a man be ever so gifted with physical powers and determination, and endowed with more than the average amount of moral courage—let him be as dauntless as Achilles (who, being practically invulnerable, might easily be unfeared)—there are yet certain periods of his life, which, to say the least of it, are trying—a boy's first entrance in a public school, a youth fresh launched into a business career, or the first day's experience of a stranger on a foreign shore, surrounded by what, to him, appear peculiar manners, customs, and ideas. This feeling is all the more accentuated, when, as in the case of Jake Kilrain, the stranger reflects that he is an alien champion, striving with the express intent of trying conclusions with our national stilet hero—good old Jim Smith. There can be no doubt, we repeat, that the American champion must have felt somewhat anxious, but the free, spontaneous, enthusiastic reception he met with on emerging from the *Sporting Life* office yesterday afternoon must have convinced him that Old England is still the Old England of yore—steadfast in defeat, modest in victory, and ever chivalrous to a worthy and generous foe. Mr. Kilrain is a picture of confidence and self-reliance. He is a fine, manly, up-standing young fellow, with what appears to be a tremendous reach. He is wonderfully well set up about the shoulders, possesses very fine shape, and in appearance is the very picture of robust health. He has been accompanied over the Herring Pond by that genial, evergreen, and irrepressible sportsman, "Pony Moore," whom nature has obviously formed to crack the jowled whoose, and rattle the merry bones. His son-in-law, Charley Mitchell, has also been Kilrain's companion over the seas, and is now his "Guide, Philosopher, and friend" in the tight little island. Charley is as fresh—may be fresher than the freshest paint. He is lithe, cleaner-shaved, and broader-shouldered than ever. "Jake" and "Charley" called at the *Sporting Life* office yesterday at one o'clock. Mr. Bob Topping shortly dropping in, invited the stilet heroes round to the Albert Club, where they held a levee of admiring sportsmen, amongst whom we noticed Mr. A. Dunn, Mr. T. Boes, Jun., Mr. J. Robinson, Mr. A. Coburn and Mr. A. Harris. Here again "Jake" received that warm welcome always commanded by "modest merit." In the meantime Fleet street had become blocked by an eager crowd desirous of seeing the famous American who had come over to fight Jim Smith. When Kilrain appeared he was greeted with a ringing cheer, and so dense was the crowd that he had considerable difficulty in forcing his way accompanied by Charley Mitchell, to the spot where the latter's neat turnout was in waiting. As they drove smartly away, they were followed by another resounding volley of cheers, a pack of perfrid enthusiasts following the chariot as far as Ludgate Circus. Though no intimation was given in our columns of Kilrain's visit, yet the intelligence spread like "wildfire," and in an astonishing short space of time the thoroughfare opposite the *Sporting Life* was choked with expectant and enthusiastic throngs. Even the passage of a successful corporation water cart did not damp their ardor. "Jake's" welcome during his brief sojourn in the capital will have satisfied him that the Old Country honors him as the champion representative of the great English speaking continent, and that win or lose he will obtain that which has ever been the proudest boast of the proud Briton—

"A fair field and no favor!"

The pugilistic event of the age, the international prize ring encounter between Jake Kilrain, champion of America, and Jim Smith, champion of England, is daily increasing in public interest, and the Police Gazette is closely scanned for all news connected with the pending match. The stake at issue is \$10,000—as large a sum as was ever fought for in the prize ring—and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which is now the recognized emblem of the heavy-weight pugilistic championship of the world. Kilrain is receiving every attention in England from the highest to those in the lowest class of life, vying with each other in those tokens of encouragement which fell so fortunately on a stranger and made the American champion feel that he is most assuredly among friends. The rival champions are both young and ambitious, and it is but fair to presume that the contest in which they are to engage will prove one of the most memorable in the annals of pugilism. Although the match is not to be decided until January next, there is no dearth of interest over the great contest, and all doubts that might have been felt respecting the genuineness of the match at the first onset are now fast being dispelled. The wise men of the East are to a man on the side of the sturdy Jim Smith, and already many are ready to put up from \$1,000 to \$5,000 on the result at the rate of \$100 to \$200. Why American sporting men should make advances to back the British champion appears strange, but no one can find any fault in a man wagering his money as he chooses. Still, because Americans are backing Smith, that does not make Kilrain's chances of winning look the less possible. Many well-posted, first-class sporting men of this city, strange to say, backed the Scotch yacht Thistle to beat the Volunteer, and we know one man of this city, who figures prominently in all sporting affairs, who wagered over \$2,000 at even money on the Thistle, and still the Volunteer won, which proves that even if Americans are backing the British champion there is no certainty about his winning. Kilrain has shown his great qualifications as a pugilist, leaving no one to form an opinion from hearsay or from glowing descriptions, and we are well aware that since he formed a partnership with the scientific, energetic Charley Mitchell he has in a great measure improved his science and tremendous gift of hitting with his left. Kilrain's continuous practice with Mitchell will be followed by greater precision, and by the day selected for what is going to be a memorable and historic encounter Kilrain will be one of the most scientific men in the world. Kilrain is a

strong, muscular specimen of humanity, in fact, he is a modern gladiator.

A chapter of pugilistic history in reference to the great international prize fight between Jake Kilrain and Jim Smith:

Jake Kilrain issued a challenge to fight John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 or \$10,000 and the championship of the world on May 30, 1887. \$1,000 deposit was posted with the New York *Clipper* by Richard K. Fox, Kilrain's backer, to prove business only was intended. The challenge was not accepted, neither was the money covered. The money was left one month, and Kilrain offered to fight any man in America for \$2,500 and upwards. After there was found to be no boxer in America who had the money or courage to meet Kilrain, he was declared champion of America, and on June 4, 1887, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which was offered by Richard K. Fox to represent the heavy-weight championship of the world was presented to Kilrain at the Monumental Theater, Baltimore, Maryland. On receiving the champion belt Kilrain agreed to defend it according to the rules and regulations governing the same against any man in the world.

On June 30 \$1,000 was deposited with the New York *Clipper*, and Richard K. Fox authorized Kilrain to issue a challenge to fight Jim Smith, of London, England, who claimed the title of champion of the world because John L. Sullivan when champion in 1886 refused to fight Smith after he had challenged the English champion, and the latter agreed to fight Sullivan in Ireland. After Kilrain's challenge was issued and \$1,000 put up to back it Smith, the English champion, accepted and agreed to fight Kilrain, at the same time putting up a deposit in the *Sporting Life* office, London. On July 3 Richard K. Fox, Kilrain's backer, called for England to arrange the preliminaries for the great match.

On July 25 the representatives of the English and American champions met at the *Sporting Life* office, London, England, and the match was ratified for Smith and Kilrain to fight for \$5,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, and the championship of the world.

On Sept. 3, 1887, Kilrain was tendered a farewell benefit at the Academy of Music, New York, and boxed with Charley Mitchell. On Sept. 19, Kilrain was tendered a similar farewell exhibition at Boston, and boxed with Charley Mitchell.

On Sept. 24, Kilrain and Mitchell called at the Police Gazette office and received by order of Richard K. Fox, his backer, \$1,000 to defray his expenses. The same day Kilrain sailed on the Concord steamer, with Charley Mitchell and Pony Moore, for England, and received a grand send off and floral tributes.

On Oct. 2, 1887, Kilrain arrived at Liverpool, England, and received a grand reception.

On Oct. 4, the American champion appeared at St. James Hall, London, and was greeted by an audience of 3,000 persons, who gave him a big reception. The "Police Gazette" diamond belt, the first emblem of the heavy-weight pugilistic championship of the world offered in America, was exhibited by Pony Moore and pronounced the most artistic and valuable belt ever put up by any one in England or America.

On Oct. 8, the Marquis of Queensbury gave a banquet to Jake Kilrain, the American champion, at London, England.

On Oct. 10, Richard K. Fox, Kilrain's backer, returned from England.

The glove fight between Peter J. Nolan and John F. Clow at Cincinnati was a failure, owing to the arrest of the boxers while they were engaged in contending for the supremacy on Oct. 7. Regarding the affair the Police Gazette correspondent at Cincinnati writes as follows: After the Clow and Nolan contest was stopped by the sheriff at Chester Park sporting men agreed to put up a purse of \$5,000 for Nolan and Clow to fight for. Clow was willing, but Nolan rather doubted whether it was possible, and discouraged the plea, but told Clow he was willing to fight him to a finish within a couple of days for \$1,000 a side, each man to have two or three men on a side, and said he would put up a forfeit to that effect. Gooding objected to this arrangement on the grounds that they were in the enemy's country, were under bonds already, and might get arrested if even a forfeit was put up, as that was against the law, and aside from taking the chances on the result of the fight, if arrested in the act, it would seriously impair his engagement with Glover at Minneapolis, November 7, and every day detained here was a detriment to Clow; but, says Gooding: "Nolan, if you are anxious to fight, there are just six of us present, and no one knows of our presence here; if you have a large room we will go right now into it and fight you for \$1,000 a side." This Nolan objected to on the ground that the notoriety connected with such an affair coming off in his house would be unpleasant. A friend of his then suggested taking a hack and going across the river, but Clow spoke up and said: "We will not do that, as I am alone and object to going to some unknown place on the spur of the moment." Gooding then said: "Nolan, would you be willing to fight Clow twelve rounds in Minneapolis?" He said "Yes," and articles of agreement were then drawn up as follows:

This agreement entered into this 7th day of October, 1887, between John F. Clow of Duluth and Peter J. Nolan of Cincinnati, Ohio, for the purpose of meeting in a twelve-round glove contest, Marquis of Queensbury rules, small gloves as the authorities will allow, at Washington Park, Minneapolis, Minn., on the evening of January 4, 1888, between the hours of 8 P. M. and 11 o'clock P. M., under the following conditions: The man having the best of it at the conclusion of the twelve rounds to be declared the winner. The referee to be chosen the evening of the contest. The winner to receive (70) seventy per cent. and the loser (30) thirty per cent. of the net receipts. In event of either of the aforesaid parties being defeated in any contest previous to January 4, 1888, then this agreement is null and void.

The said John F. Clow, or his business manager, to pay the said Peter J. Nolan seventy-five dollars expenses coming to Minneapolis, Minn. Both parties to have a representative at ticket entrances and at box office, if desired. A settlement to be made with each principal or their business managers at the conclusion of the contest.

JOHN F. CLOW,
PETER J. NOLAN.

Witnesses:
F. J. KELLY,
B. FRANK CRANE.

After the articles had been signed Clow and Gooding departed. Clow took a hack and started out for a few hours' relaxation before leaving for home, which he intended to do at 7:35 P. M., while Gooding went to the hotel to pack up his effects. At 8 o'clock, accompanied by a reporter, Gooding went to Nolan's saloon to meet George Campbell, to settle a balance due him, and while there Nolan made him the following proposition: "I will take one man, you go with Clow, and let Mr. Johnson act as referee, and we will go to-night and fight it out." Gooding said: "If you had said this before, when you suggested taking half a dozen men in a hack and going to some unknown place and fighting it out, we might have done so, but it is too late now, as, considering the matter settled when the articles were drawn up, I told Clow, who has been in strict training for a month, to go ahead and enjoy himself, and I presume he has done so, and it would be very unwise for me to take any chances. We considered, after offering to fight for a large purse or to go into a room and fight for \$1,000 a side, sufficient effort to show our willingness, and when articles were signed naturally thought matters were ended, and springing this on us at the last moment looks like a case of snap judgment."

Nolan disclaimed any such intention, and said he was willing to fight, if it could be arranged, and was evidently sincere. Gooding went down to the hotel and found Clow waiting on the hotel steps, valise in hand, just preparing to leave for the depot, and when Clow was apprised of the last proposition he expressed himself very strongly, saying:

"We waited over one day, hoping to get on a fight on some basis fair to both. I was willing to fight him for a purse, which I am sure the people would have raised very quick, or in a room, but was not going out with four or five men and take chances of getting a wrong referee and pulled by the authorities, and after the articles were signed supposed all negotiations were off and have been out enjoying myself since and would not consider it safe to fight for a week. Besides I am ready to leave, and do not think there is any use to wait an hour longer. If Nolan or his friends desire to bet any money on the contest at Minneapolis he or they will have an excellent chance to do so."

After bidding his friends good-bye he stepped on the train, which pulled out for Chicago within a minute. Mr. Gooding, his manager, remained to try and effect a settlement with the manager of Chester Park, who refused to pay a balance of \$75 due him. When the articles for the Clow-Nolan fight were sent here to be signed they read: "The said Peter J. Nolan is to pay John F. Clow, or his business manager, the sum of \$75 for expenses in coming to Cincinnati, Ohio," but Mr. George Campbell changed them to read as follows: "The said Chester Park Athletic Club will pay John F. Clow, or his business manager, the sum of \$75 for coming to Cincinnati, Ohio," and when Mr. Gooding made claim for this amount Campbell quietly told him he would not pay him a cent.



A LITTLE SURPRISE PARTY.

JAMES LEYLAND COMING HOME FROM SEA CATCHES HIS WIFE IN MISDOING AND A THUNDERING OLD ROW NATURALLY ENSUES.



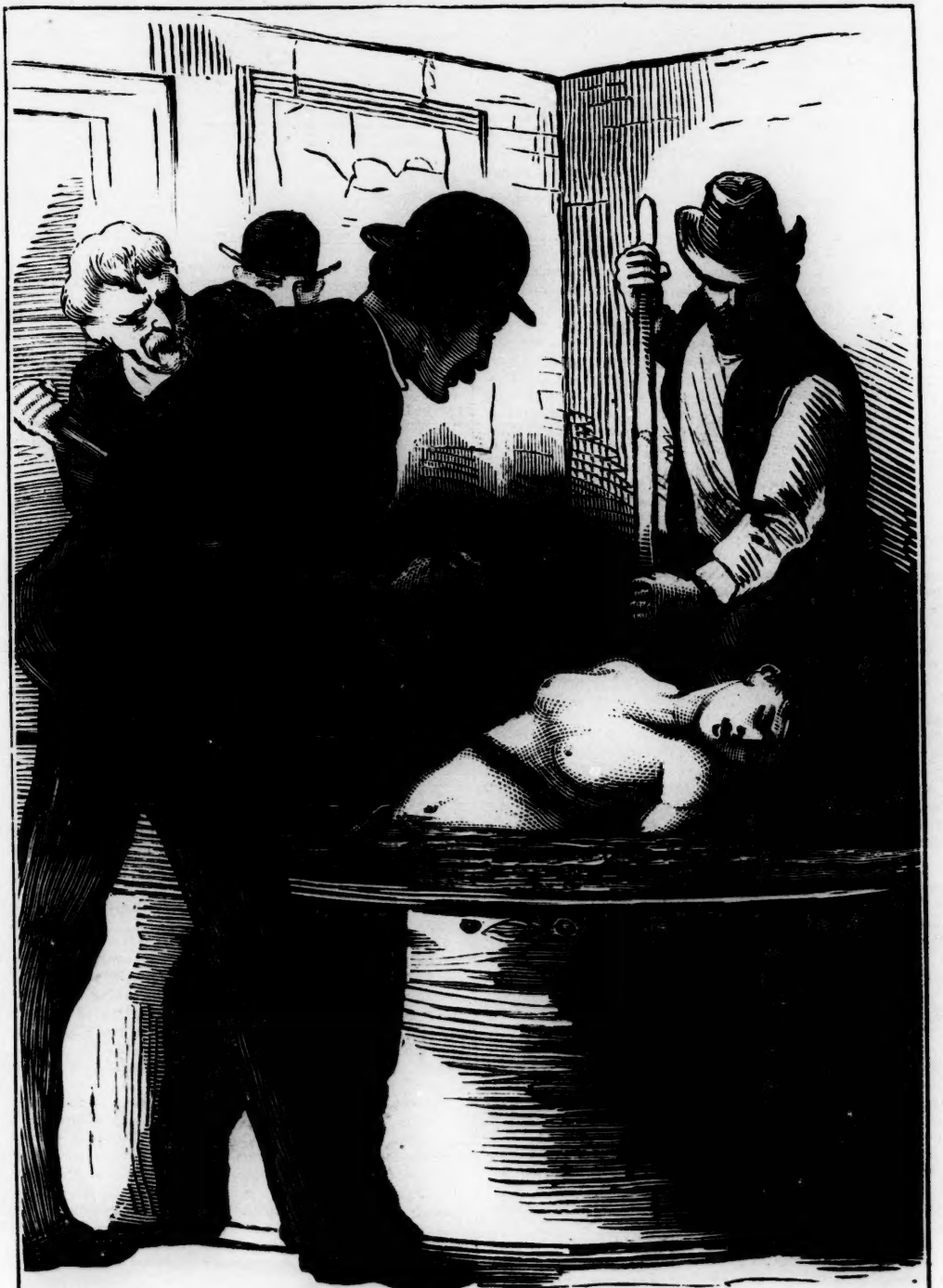
SHOT HIS STEPFATHER.

STEPHEN W. RAWSON OF CHICAGO IS FATALLY WOUNDED BY WILLIAM LEE WHILE COMING OUT OF THE THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



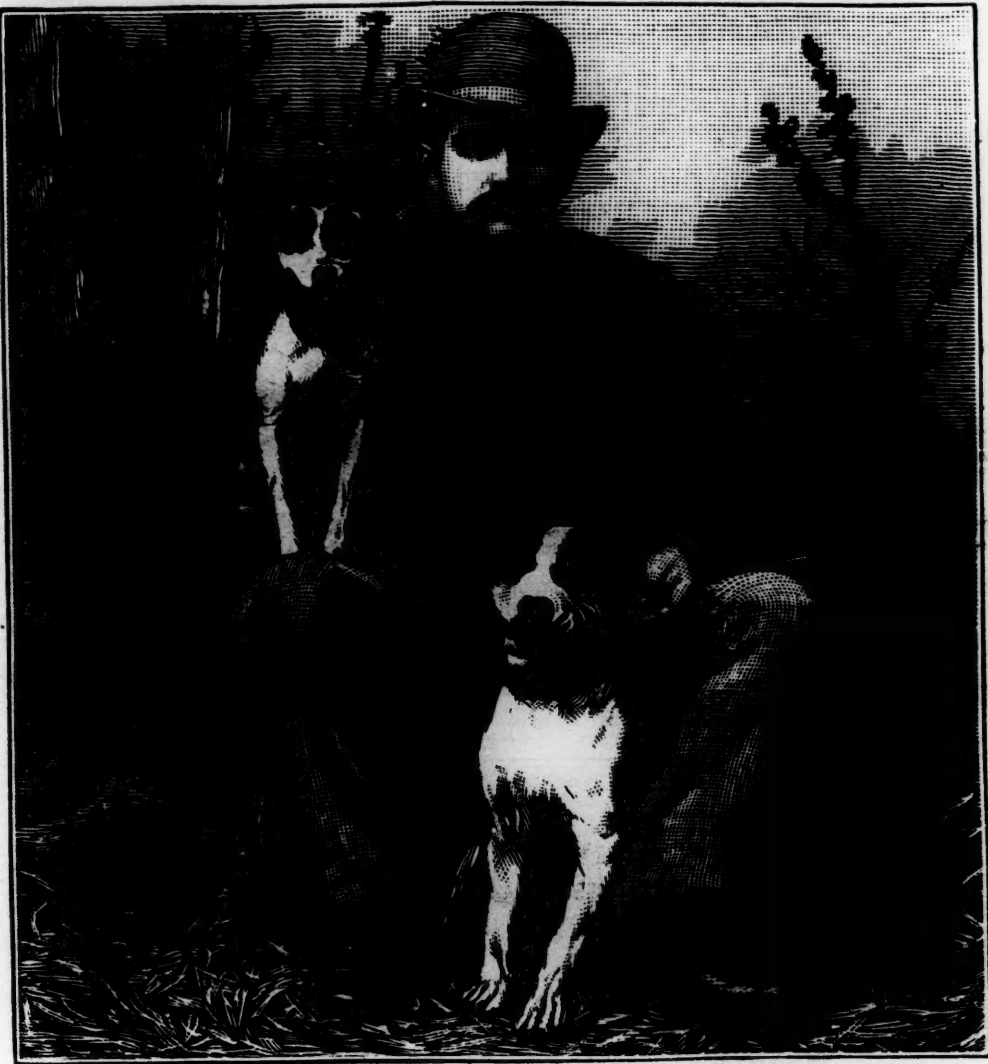
• THEY DUCKED HIM WELL.

REGINALD THOMAS, THE ENGLISH BUTLER OF MR. PERCY LEWIS AT TARRYTOWN, N. Y., TAKES TOO MUCH AND GETS SOUSED FOR HIS PAINS.

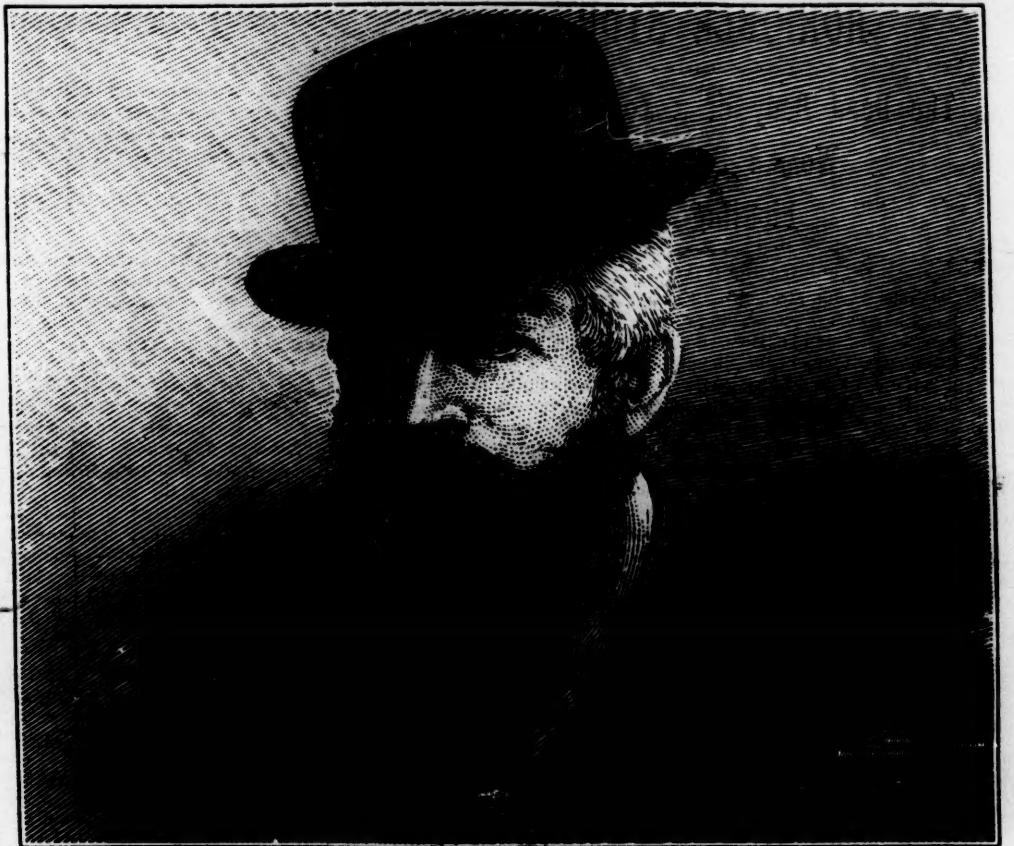


HE FOUND HER IN PICKLE.

LOUIS SZCZEPANSKY, AFTER A LONG SEARCH FOR HIS MISSING SWEETHEART, DISCOVERS HER IN A SALT TUB AT LOUISVILLE, KY.



DENNIS A. GERRATY,
A WELL-KNOWN SPORTING MAN OF HALLOWELL, MAINE.



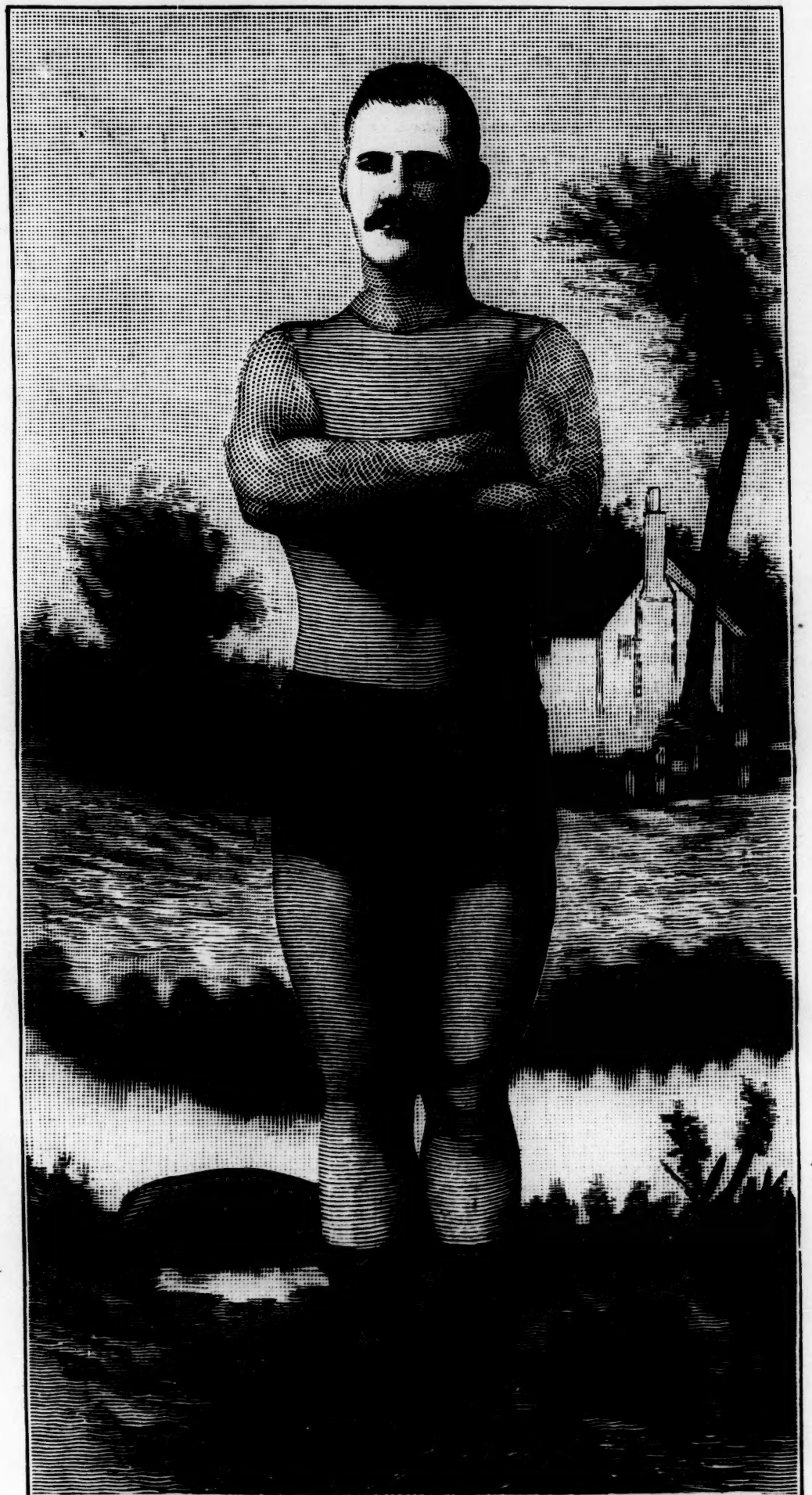
SIR JOHN ASTLEY,
ENGLAND'S GREAT SPORTING MAN AND PATRON OF ATHLETICS.



WM. BARRETT,
ONE OF THE FAMOUS JOCKEYS OF AMERICA.



HE SHOT TO KILL.
EXPRESS MESSENGER J. ERNEST SMITH KNOCKS OUT A COUPLE OF TRAIN ROB-
BERS WHO TRIED TO STAND HIM UP NEAR EL PASO, TEXAS.



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by ROBINSON and BOY, Chicago.]
EVAN LEWIS,
THE CHAMPION WRESTLER OF AMERICA, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE STRANGLER.

HORRIBLE STORY.

The Dead Body of a Young German Woman Found in a Pickling Vat.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A special from Louisville, Ky., Oct. 10, says: Louis Szczepansky, after searching for the body of his dead sweetheart for the past two days, found it in a vat of the Louisville Medical College. The story is a sensational one. Louis Szczepansky was in love with a girl named Louisa Faber, a handsome young woman of eighteen years. They lived in one of the smaller provinces of Germany. He was too poor to marry, and determined to come to this country to make a home for his future wife. The young man reached America two years ago, and, after drifting from New York to Chicago, came here a year and a half ago. He soon found employment in Deppen's tailoring establishment, and, by perseverance and industry, worked himself up to a cutter's position. Six months ago Szczepansky wrote to Louisa Faber to come to this country, and, shortly afterward, sent the money to pay her passage. She reached here last June, and it was agreed between them that they should marry next Christmas day.

Being a thrifty and frugal woman, she accepted a position in the family of Mr. A. Leopold, 1032 Seventh street, and soon became a general favorite in the household. Szczepansky continued his devotion, most of his evenings being spent happily in her presence. The courtship continued until the latter part of September, when the girl was suddenly stricken down by typhoid fever. Her lover had her taken to the City Hospital, and through the long days of violent fever watched by the bedside. Not only this, he employed an extra nurse to attend to her, and contributed in every way to her comfort and care. On the 2d of October Szczepansky called at the hospital to see his sweetheart, but was told she was too ill to see any one, and would probably die. He made several attempts the same day to gain admission, but without avail.

Nearly distracted by grief, the young man called again early the next day. He was told that Mary Faber had died of typhoid fever and was buried in the Potter's field. Though he made great efforts to find the exact spot of the grave he failed, and finally applied to Theodore Schwartz, the German Consul, for assistance.

Detectives were employed, and after searching for a few days an intimation to-day that her body might be found in a medical college. After visiting several of them they finally reached the Louisville College. They went through the dissecting-room, and, though there were a number of "stiffs" there, none bore any resemblance to the missing girl.

It was then suggested that the pickling vat be searched. The vat is a large tub, capable of holding ten or fifteen bodies. After several had been fished out and examined the remains of a young woman were brought to the surface. It was that of Louisa Faber. What remained of her was carried to a table and there identified beyond the possibility of a doubt. Her body had been cut up in the most horrible manner. It was knifed and slashed until it might have been taken for a slaughtered animal. Nothing save her face bore any resemblance to having once been a human being. All the intestines were removed, the body limbs and chest dissected, leaving nothing more than a bare skeleton with a little flesh clinging here and there to the naked bones. The face was untouched.

The liquid in the vat preserved its outlines and the color, and the head looked natural, the features calm, reposed, and as if in a gentle sleep. What remained of poor Louisa Faber was placed in a neat casket and taken to the rooms of a neighboring undertaker. The mystery of the death and the removal of the body to the medical college is yet unexplained.

SURPRISING HIS WIFE.

Mr. and Mrs. Leyland's Hand-to-Hand Struggle at Their Home.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A special from Elizabeth, N. J., Oct. 9, says: James Leyland, a mate on the Old Dominion line, suspecting his wife's infidelity, visited her home in Elizabeth on Saturday night, accompanied by Detectives Sherring and Leeds, of Elizabeth. The detectives stationed themselves, one at the front and the other at the rear of the building, and then Leyland burst in the door and rushed into the house. He searched all the apartments, and finding that the man he suspected had escaped through a rear door, he seized his wife by the hair and tried to brain her with a lighted lamp. She knocked the lamp out of his hand and the pair struggled in the dark. Mrs. Leyland finally broke away from her husband, and as he dashed out of the door in pursuit of her supposed paramour she emptied the contents of a revolver at him, but none of the shots took effect.

Meanwhile Detective Sherring pursued and overhauled the man who left the house. It was William B. Hathaway, an expressman, of Elizabeth. They had quite a tussle, and Leyland, coming up, began shouting "Police!" which brought Policemen Cavanagh and Maynes to the scene. They arrested both Hathaway and Leyland and took them to the station. The shooting and uproar aroused all the people in the vicinity, who thought a murder had been committed. Mrs. Leyland, who was greatly agitated, told the police that her husband tried to burn her to death with a lighted lamp. She said he was jealous of her and angry because she would not sign her property, worth \$10,000, over to him, and also give him a share of her \$10,000 life insurance which she had recently secured. She promised to make a formal charge against Leyland to-day, but she did not appear in court. Both men were taken into Chief Jenkins' private office, and after a secret confab with the Chief and the Police Justice, Hathaway was discharged from custody, and the jealous husband left the city on an early train. He will at once begin proceedings for divorce. It is said he had the detectives shadowing Hathaway in order to get proofs of his wife's guilt.

Mrs. Leyland protests her innocence and explains Hathaway's presence by saying she received a telegram, which she exhibited, from her daughter in New York, warning her to protect herself, as Leyland had called on her daughter and had declared he would kill her, Mrs. Leyland. She then sent for Mr. Hathaway, who was an old acquaintance, and had boarded with her for several years. He agreed to stop there that night, and he was lying on the sofa when the door was forced.

Mr. Hathaway says he slipped out the back way to

avoid trouble, as he saw Leyland was terribly excited, and, besides he did not think himself a match for the entire party if they attacked him. He did not know at the time they were detectives.

Mrs. Leyland owns a trousers and shirt factory and employs a number of sewing girls. She is 40 years old, and is called a very handsome woman. Her only child is the married daughter in New York.

ZALEWSKI PHILEMON.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

Zalewski, or Zaleski, Philemon, terming himself also Zaleski de Jelita, Austrian post clerk, at Sapohow in Galicia, belonging to the community of Zabintow, in Galicia, of Greek-Catholic creed, married, childless, late of Wahrung, near Vienna, 43 Gurtelstrasse, having been employed at the packet post department section for charged letters of the chief post office, Vienna, Austria, fled May 23, 1887, after having embezzled twenty charged letters or parcels to the total amount of 151,527 florins. Zalewski has belonged to the Austrian army as a non-commissioned officer, and is said to have repeatedly expressed the intention of going to America or Roumania. The Imperial Post Department engages to pay to whoever may seize the aforesaid Zalewski or to such person or persons who may give to the authorities such information as may lead to his capture a reward to the amount of 1,000 florins, and engages furthermore to pay ten per cent. of the money recovered.

SIR JOHN ASTLEY.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

In this issue we publish a portrait of Sir John Astley, the well-known promoter of sport in England in all its branches. His name, in connection with the Astley belt and the great six-day international contests, is now a matter of history. Sir John Astley is also a prominent turfman in England, and his name has been put forward for referee in the great international prize fight between Jim Smith, the British champion, and Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, \$10,000 and the championship of the world.

Jack Dempsey and Billy Dacey boxed four rounds at the Casino, Hoboken, on Oct. 14th. It was a spirited set to and the display both boxers made pleased the large audience.

Brewer and Budd shot a most exciting match at Dunellen, N. J., last week, the former killed 30 birds out of 100 while the latter got away with 22 fliers. Jake Brewer, who is Philadelphia's pet shot, will have "a go" with William Graham the champion of England on Oct. 24th at Merchantville Driving Park near Camden, N. J. After which win or lose Brewer will set sail for Great Britain where he has dates with best shots of the United Kingdom.

About 500 members of the Manhattan Athletic Club, assembled in the parlors of their spacious house upon the occasion of their first musicale of the season on Oct. 14th. Among those present were Geo. W. Carr, W. J. Swan, C. Trotter, C. C. Hughes, Walter Storm, Vanderbilt Cross, Geo. A. Avery, Frederick Cool, C. M. Peck, Sheppard Knapp, F. L. Palmer, Fred Underhill, Dr. F. Hasbrouck, L. A. Stuart, F. A. Ware, Roger A. Pryor, Jr., Dr. W. R. Pryor, Judge J. R. Brady, Dr. C. Brady, Geo. Massett, D. C. Gilford, E. D. Lange, W. C. Calhoun, H. S. Young, Chas. Galt, C. C. Brown, T. A. McEwen, G. A. White, W. Borgan, F. J. Davis, C. Bostwick, D. Bostwick, W. J. Vial, G. W. Jannesson, E. F. Pinkney, M. L. A. F. Copeland, A. P. Roth, P. L. Skillman, H. M. Banks, H. M. Patterson, B. J. Sanford. The following gentlemen took part in the exercises: E. A. Summers, tenor; Prof. J. F. Moquist, pianist; Marshall P. Wilder, humorist; Dr. E. F. Hoyt, original poem; Mr. McQuade of Dockstader's; Bronson Howard, recitation; Howard MacNutt, soloist; James S. Burdett, dialect recitation; The Chevalier Niedzielski, violinist.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING AND perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. Hiscox, 353 Broadway, N. Y.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Croup and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Accutated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

P. S.—In this morning's mail we find letters from Kyle, Canterbury, New Zealand, London, England, Paris, France, and three from British Columbia in response to our "ad" in POLICE GAZETTE. Yours, SAN MATEO MED. CO.

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham; or, New York by Daylight and After Dark. Man Traps of New York. A Full Exposure of the Metropolitan Swindler. New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham. New York Tombs; its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries. The City of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published. Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World. Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life. Secrets of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled. Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America. James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures. Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen. Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Exposure of its Hidden Crimes. Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Guiteau's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence. Crime Averted. Sequel to Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer. Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Red Romance of Crime. Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year. Mahomet Unmasked; or, The Wickedest Place in the World. Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Insanity an Excuse for Murder. Suicide's Cranks; or, The Curiosities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide. Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.

SPORTING BOOKS.

The American Athlete. A Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training. Champions of the American Prize Ring. Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights. Life of John C. Heenan, with all his battles. "Ted" Wilson, champion pugilist of England. Ed. Hanlan, America's Champion Oarsman. Betting Man's Guide; or, How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations. Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing upon the outside the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance; post office orders can invariably be obtained, and should be used exclusively.

TO ADVERTISING AGENTS.

Hereafter no commission will be allowed to any Agent who has not previously placed trade in these columns. On account of the continuous system of cutting my rate by the offer of dividing the commission with the advertiser, it is evident agencies can afford to transact business for a smaller percentage, and in order that they will maintain my price to their customers, the rate of commission is reduced to 10 per cent. upon all orders received on and after this date.

Richard K. Fox, Publisher Police Gazette, New York.

April 1, 1887.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements.....\$1.00 per line. Reading notices.....2.00. Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue. The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/2 inches each, and 2 1/2 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT. EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all addresses and no cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

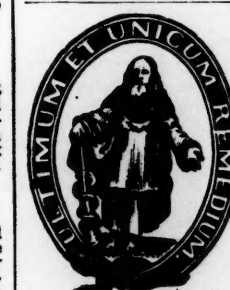
THE "POLICE GAZETTE" INTERNATIONAL PRIZE FIGHT EXTRA

will be published in a few days. It will have an enormous sale from now till January, and will be handled by all newsdealers in America and Europe. A limited amount of space is offered Advertisers at 50c. per line net. Send on your orders at once and don't fail to be represented in this Special. \$25 Issue of 100,000 guaranteed, but the sale will probably reach half a million.

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P. O. Box 40.

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TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBEBS AND COPALBA Is an old, tried remedy for gonorrhea, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its neat, portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and always in less time than any other preparation) make "Tarrant's Extract" the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. To prevent fraud, see that each package has a red strip across the face of label with the signature of TARRANT & CO., N. Y., upon it. Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

STERLING'S ROYAL REMEDY
A positive cure for
SYPHILIS
any stage—Syphilitic Rheumatism and all syphilitic manifestations.
Send for Treatise, Mailed free to any address containing essay on the disease, testimonials, etc. Every letter confidential.
Address THE JOHN STERLING ROYAL REMEDY CO., Lock Box 47, Kansas City, Mo.

BIG C
Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.
Sold only by the Evans Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
We cordially recommend your use as the best remedy known to us for Gonorrhea and Gleet. We have sold considerable, and in every case it has given satisfaction.
Alcott & Lisk, Hudson, N. Y.
Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00.

CURE YOURSELF French Specific never fails to cure all diseases of the urinary organs, either sex or condition. Full directions with each bottle, price \$1. Sold only by E. L. STAHL, druggist, 173 Van Buren St., cor. 5th ave., Chicago. Sent by express on receipt of price.

Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly and safely cured by Doc's Santalwood, in seven days; avoid imitations: buy Doc's, it is genuine. Full directions. Price, \$1.50; half boxes, 75c. All druggists.

Mental and Physical Prostration. Complete cure by using the Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. Med. Inst., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

FURNISHING GOODS.

LOWEST N. Y. PRICES ARE ADVERTISED IN OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF **LADIES' AND MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.** Write for one and be convinced. MAHLER BROS., 505 and 507 Sixth Avenue, New York.

DRY GOODS.

Important to Ladies. By sending on your address, we will send you an illustrated catalogue of French styles of underwear, free. OSTERWEIS BROS., 6th Ave and 1st St., New York.

JEWELRY.

ONLY 85 CTS.



THE "NEW SWISS" STEM WINDER AND SETTER

a correct illustration of which we show in this advertisement, is now ready, and by ordering 1,000 gross we have secured the exclusive sale of it in the United States and Canada. It is a STEM WINDER AND SETTER, with Patent Adjustment, and is fitted with the New Patent Stem Winding and Setting Arrangement, found on no other; also Calendar telling correctly the days of the month. It has Hunting Cases, beautifully engraved, as shown in cut, plated with Pure Gold on solid yellow metal (sometimes called "Aluminum Gold"), and in appearance is similar to a Solid Gold Watch costing \$100. The Crystal is Double Thick Polished French Glass, and all the cogs, wheels, pinion and bearings are perfectly made on the most improved and expensive machinery, and each part is carefully fitted by skilled and competent workmen. Each one is carefully inspected, regulated and tested before leaving the factory, and fully WARRANTED BY US FOR A PERIOD OF FIVE YEARS, IF USED WITH THE UNCHANGEABLE CASE. SPECIAL 60 DAY OFFER. "New Swiss" Stem Winder and Setter in Plain or Engraved Cases, Gold Plated Cases and Charms complete, all packed in an elegant Satin-lined Case free and post-paid on the receipt of only 85 CENTS, Postage Stamps or Postal Note. PROVIDED the person receiving it will faithfully promise to show it to their friends and honestly endeavor to influence other sales for us. We want to introduce it into every section of the U. S. and Canada at once. Who will be first to secure the agency in their town? We shall not as present offer it for sale by Watchmakers and Jewelers, but only one will be sent to any address at the wholesale price of 35 cents. We offer it at this price for two months only to create a demand. After sixty days this offer will be withdrawn and the demand supplied at the retail price by Jewellers in this city. An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches from \$2.50 and upwards, sent FREE with each. THE SWISS IMPORTING CO., 241 Broadway, N. Y.

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\$75 A MONTH and expenses paid any active person to sell our goods. No capital required. Salary paid monthly. Expenses in advance. Full particulars free. We mean what we say. Standard Silver Ware Co., Boston, Mass.

\$250 EVERY MONTH 1,000 LIVE AGENTS WANTED. Our Agents, Cash, and SATISFACTION. CASH, and SATISFACTION. Write for it. Address WALLINGFORD SILVER CO., Wallingford, Conn.

WORK FOR ALL. \$30 a week and expenses paid. Valuable outfit and particulars free. F. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

Diseases of men a specialty. Moderate charges and honorable treatment. Address or call on N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED for my Fast-Selling articles. Samples, etc., free. C. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$1.50. FREE. Lines not under the horses feet. Write BREWSTER SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

X A Day, yes. V an hour. Write for Outfit. 445 OXLE, Augusta, Me.

Counterfeit Money, not any. (1) sample for inspection 10c. Address Lock Box 145, Rutland, Vt.

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FACIAL BLEMISHES. the Largest Establishment in the World for their Treatment. Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Mole, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Acne, Pimples, Blk Heads, Scars, Pitting, etc., and their treatment. Send for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 27 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Established 1872. Inventor of Facial Appliances, Springs, etc. Six Farior

WE GROW HEAVY MUSTACHE Mustache Whitener and Hair as Black Bands as the ONLY REMEDY. 2 to 3 days, do it. Young and old make it. No experience needed. We send you 50 cents page, by mail for 50 cents or 10 for \$1. Simply cost. Smith & Co., Fall River, Mass.

YOUTHFUL VIGOR restored by using the famous Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

PERSONAL.

GENTS! A splendid photograph of a lady who wants to correspond with a view to matrimony. Also full particulars, sent postpaid for 15c. State your age and complexion. We have 500 members—many of them beautiful and wealthy. Mention this paper. Address REDDING'S MATRIMONIAL ASSOCIATION, Brighton Park, Ill.

ARE YOU MARRIED? If you are not, you should join this society, which pays its members \$250 to \$1,000 at marriage. Circulars free. N. W. MOUTON, DIVORCE SOCIETY, Box 546, Minneapolis, Minn.

LOVE POWER developed by following private directions. 10c. pkg.; 3, 25c. KNOXON CO., Augusta, Me.

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Decay, debility, consumption. Thousands of cases cured by our Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. Med. Inst., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

53 TRANSPARENT CARDS, 50c. 2 for 90c. 20 Photos free with above. NOVELTY CO., Box 1294, Oswego, N. Y.



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